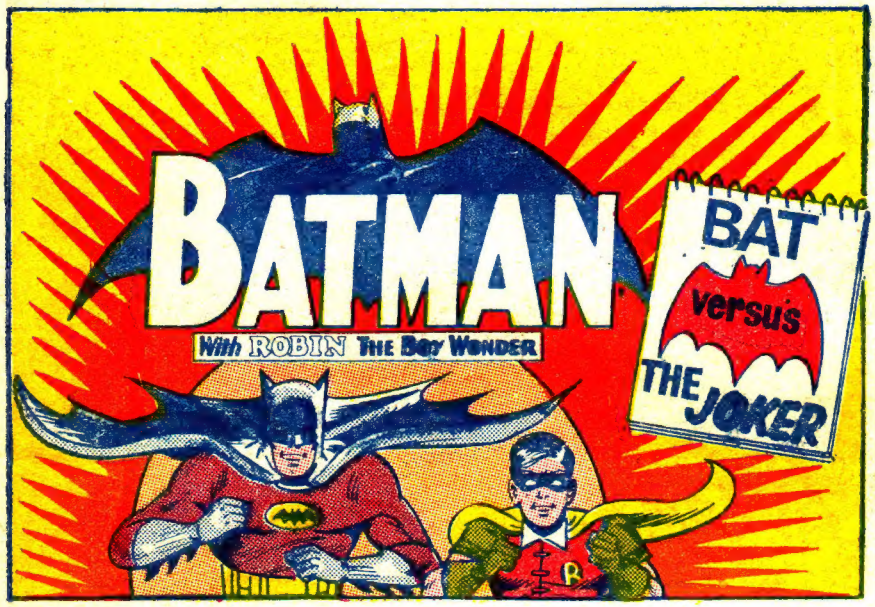
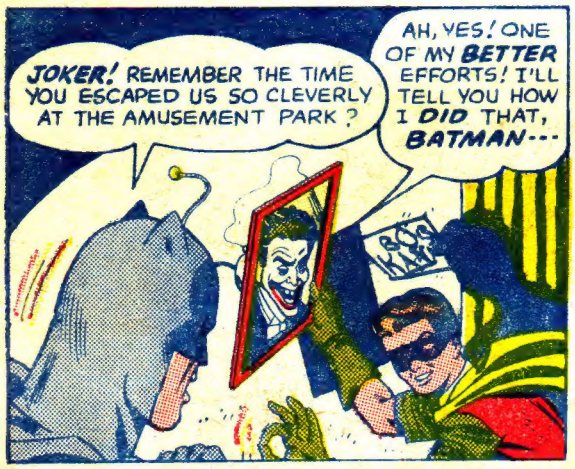
MEET THE FANTASTIC INCREDIBLE HULK INSIDE!

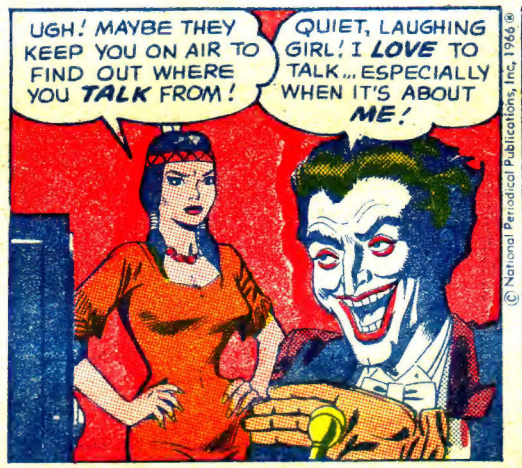
7d

SMASH!

No. 32
10th SEPT. 1966
EVERY TUESDAY







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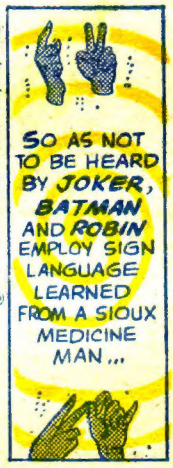

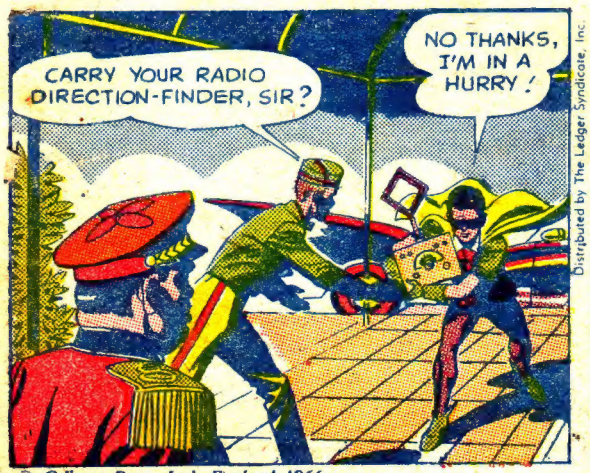

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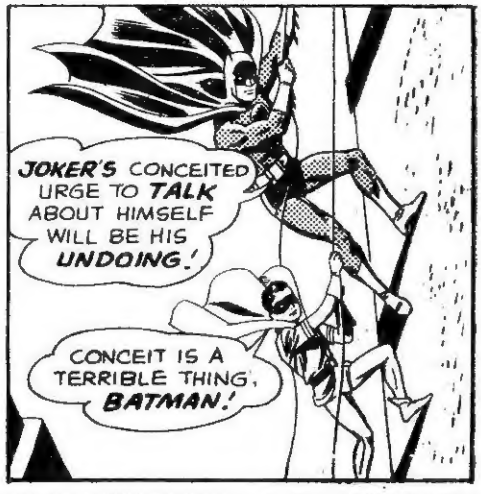

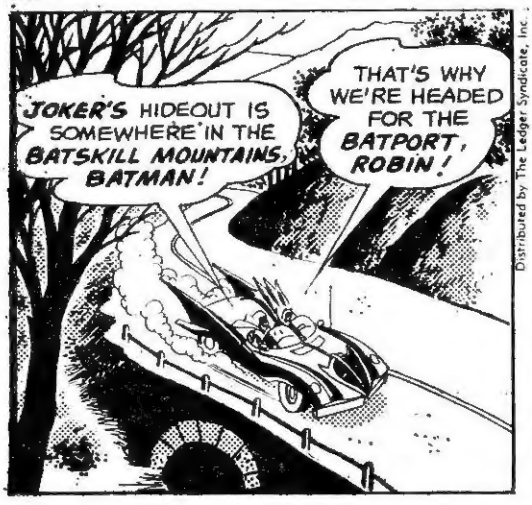

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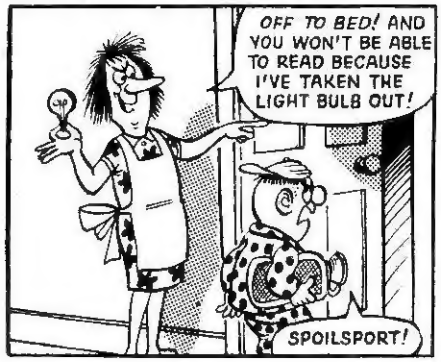
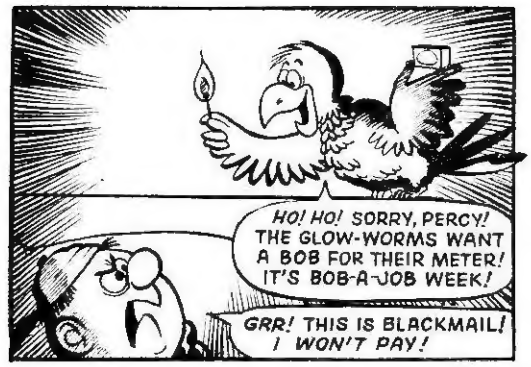
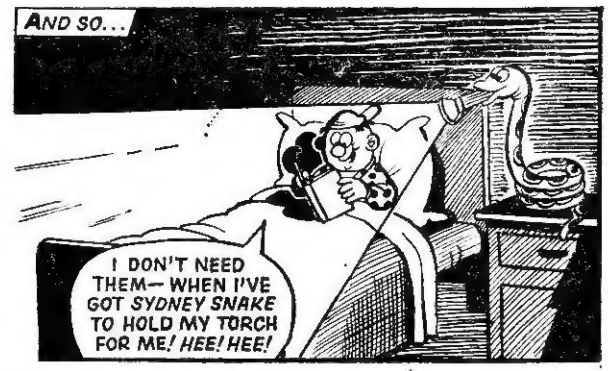
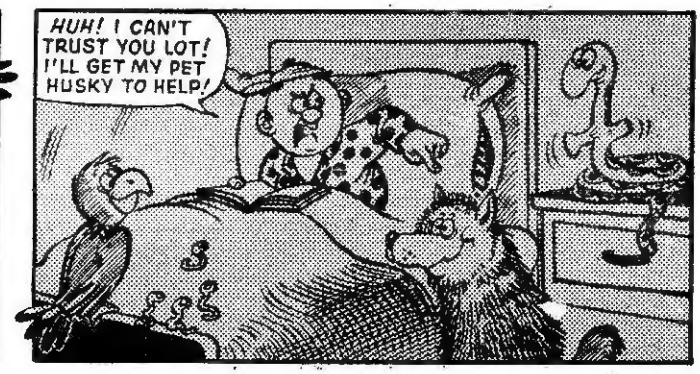
Percy's Pets

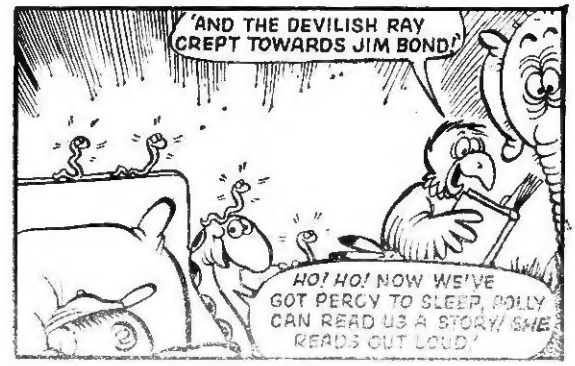








MUNCH! CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!



AMMO.

BAD PENNY

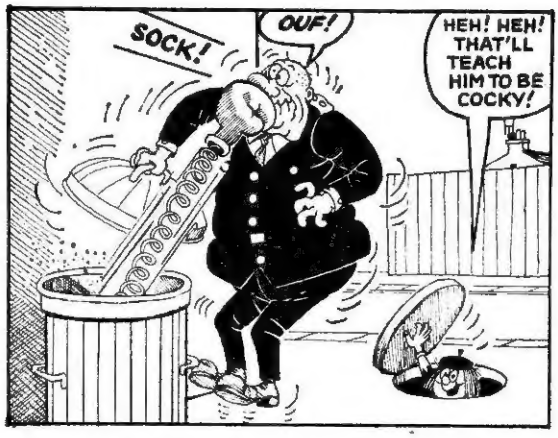
ONE PENNY
1966

HUH! YOU WOULD THINK WITH A NAME LIKE *PENNY*, COPPERS WOULD BE ON MY SIDE.

SHE MUST BE JOKING! SHE'S A **TWO-FACED** PENNY! ALWAYS TURNING UP WHERE SHE ISN'T WANTED!

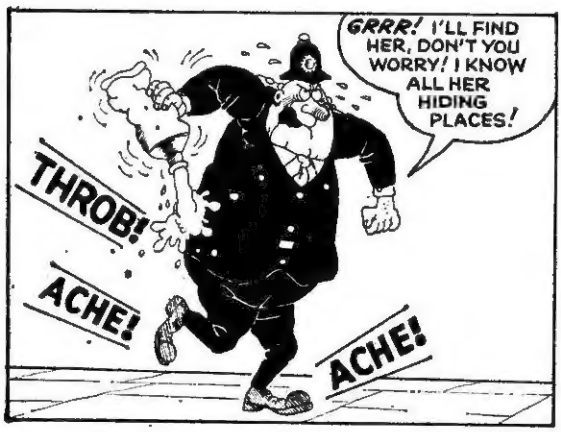
THAT WILL BE HER! I KNOW HER DELICATE TOUCH!

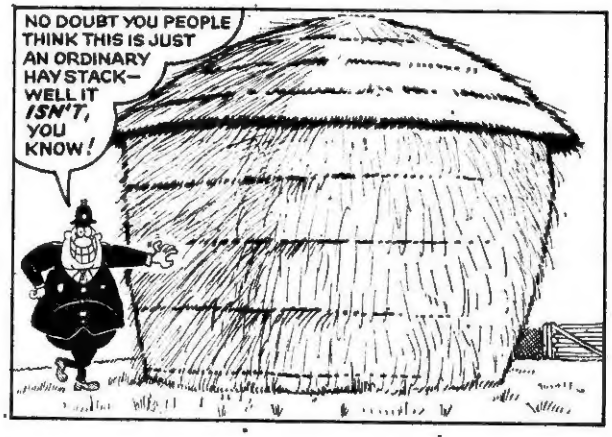
AND I KNOW WHERE SHE WILL BE HIDING! WATCH THIS!
(P.C. – PRETTY COCKY)


SOCK!
OUF!
HEH! HEH! THAT'LL TEACH HIM TO BE COCKY!

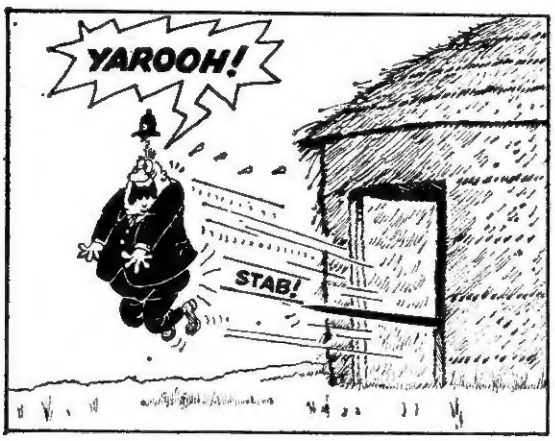
SHE'S BOUND TO BE IN **HERE**, THEN!

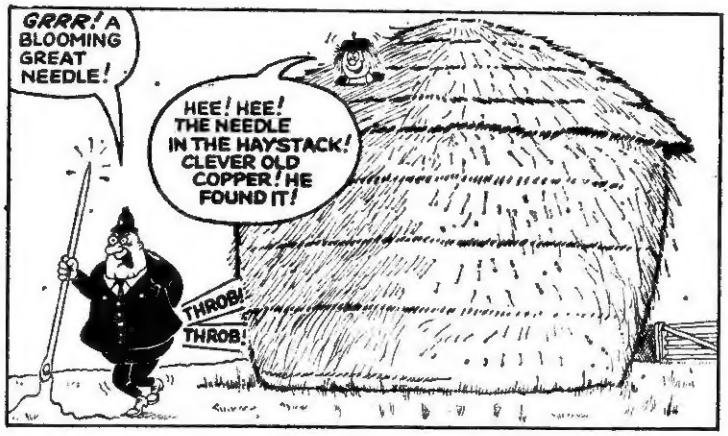
HO! HO! THAT NOISE IS WHAT YOU CALL A TREE BARK!
WOOF! WOOF!
AAGH! HELP! MUMMY!


GRRR! I'LL FIND HER, DON'T YOU WORRY! I KNOW ALL HER HIDING PLACES!
THROB!
ACHE!
ACHE!


NO DOUBT YOU PEOPLE THINK THIS IS JUST AN ORDINARY HAYSTACK– WELL IT *ISN'T*, YOU KNOW!

SEE? ANOTHER OF PENNY'S HIDING PLACES! SHE'S *BOUND* TO BE HERE!

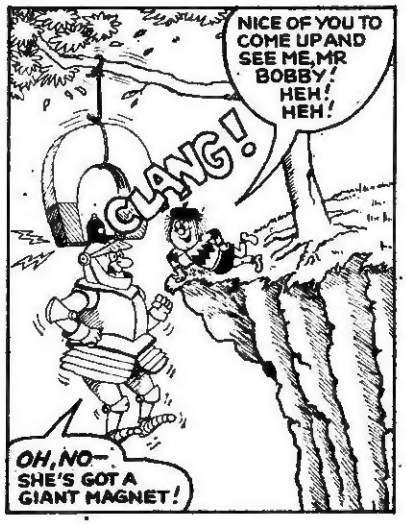

YAROOH!
STAB!


GRRR! A BLOOMING GREAT NEEDLE!
HEE! HEE! THE NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK! CLEVER OLD COPPER! HE FOUND IT!
THROB!
THROB!

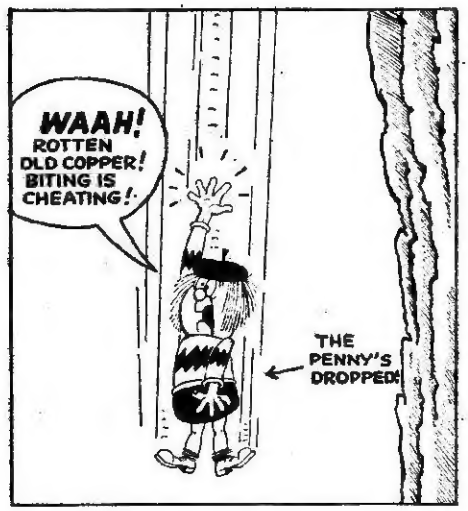
THIS IS GREAT FUN! I'VE BOOBY-TRAPPED ALL MY HIDING PLACES!

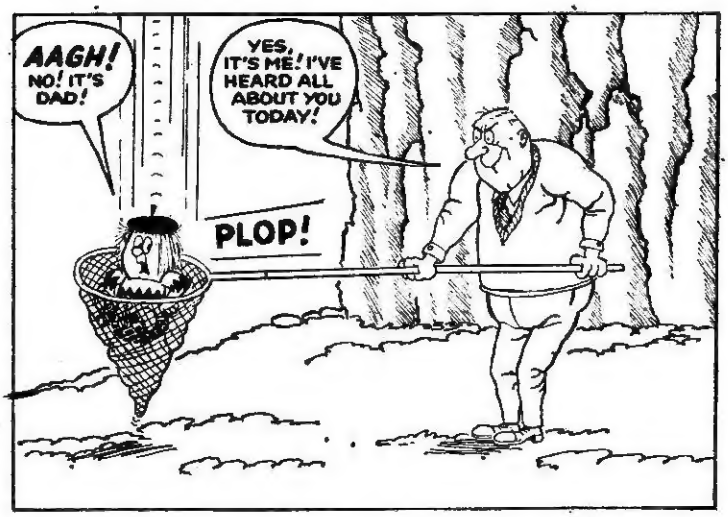
GRRR! THAT PENNY WON'T MAKE A FOOL OF ME THIS TIME! SHE'S GOT A HIDING PLACE IN THAT CAVE! WON'T SHE GET A SURPRISE WHEN SHE SEES ME!
CLANK!
CLANK!

AAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

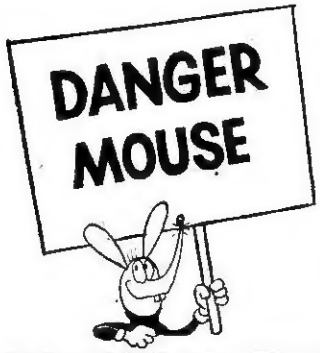

NICE OF YOU TO COME UP AND SEE ME, MR BOBBY! HEH! HEH!
CLANG!
OH, NO— SHE'S GOT A GIANT MAGNET!

AIEE!
SNAP!
HEH! HEH! THAT'LL TEACH HER!


WAAH! ROTTEN OLD COPPER! BITING IS CHEATING!
THE PENNY'S DROPPED!

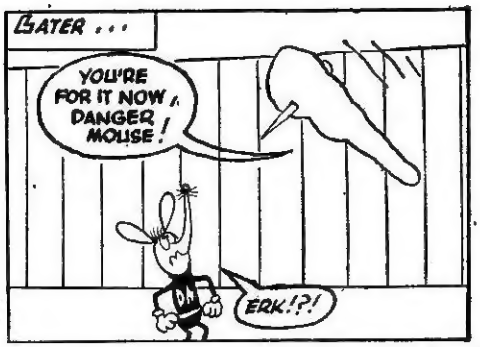

AAGH! NO! IT'S DAD!
YES, IT'S ME! I'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT YOU TODAY!
PLOP!

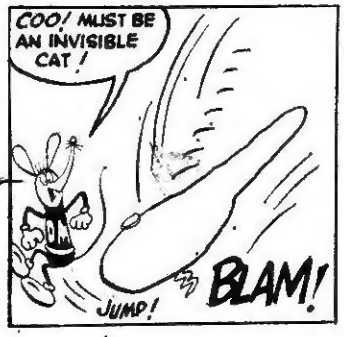
OOH! OUCH! WISH I HAD A SUIT OF ARMOUR NOW! AAGH! AAGH! AAGH!
DON'T BE GREEDY, CHUM! IT'S MY TURN NOW, HEH! HEH!


DANGER MOUSE

HEH-HEH! I'LL GET DANGER MOUSE FOR SURE THIS WEEK!
TRICKS & MAGIC
INVISIBLE INK

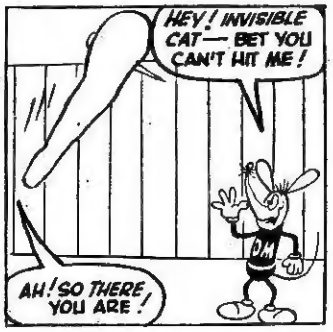
I'M GOIN' TO PAINT MYSELF INVISIBLE WITH INVISIBLE INK! CRAFTY OL' ME!
INVISIBLE INK

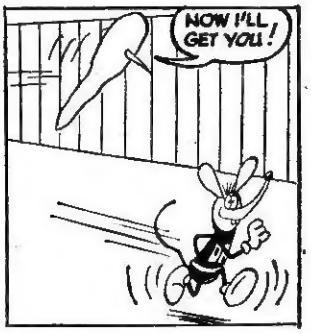

LATER . . .
YOU'RE FOR IT NOW, DANGER MOUSE!
ERK!?!

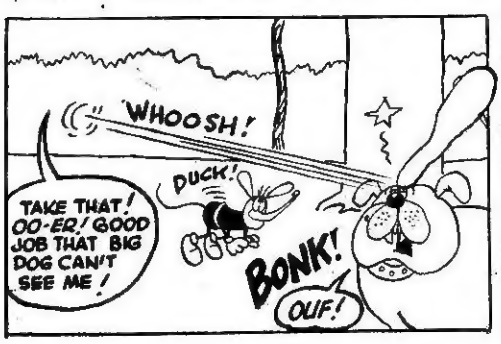

COO! MUST BE AN INVISIBLE CAT!
JUMP!
BLAM!

I'M GOIN' TO VANISH, TOO — DOWN THIS MOUSE-HOLE!

LATER STILL . . .
PAINT
THIS IS VISIBLE PAINT!

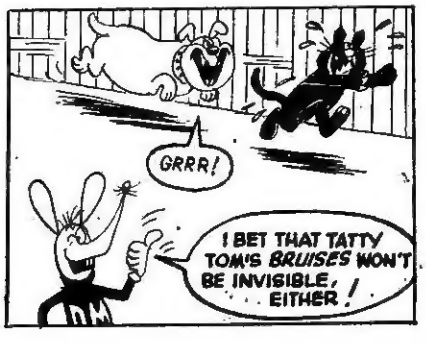

HEY! INVISIBLE CAT — BET YOU CAN'T HIT ME!
AH! SO THERE YOU ARE!


NOW I'LL GET YOU!

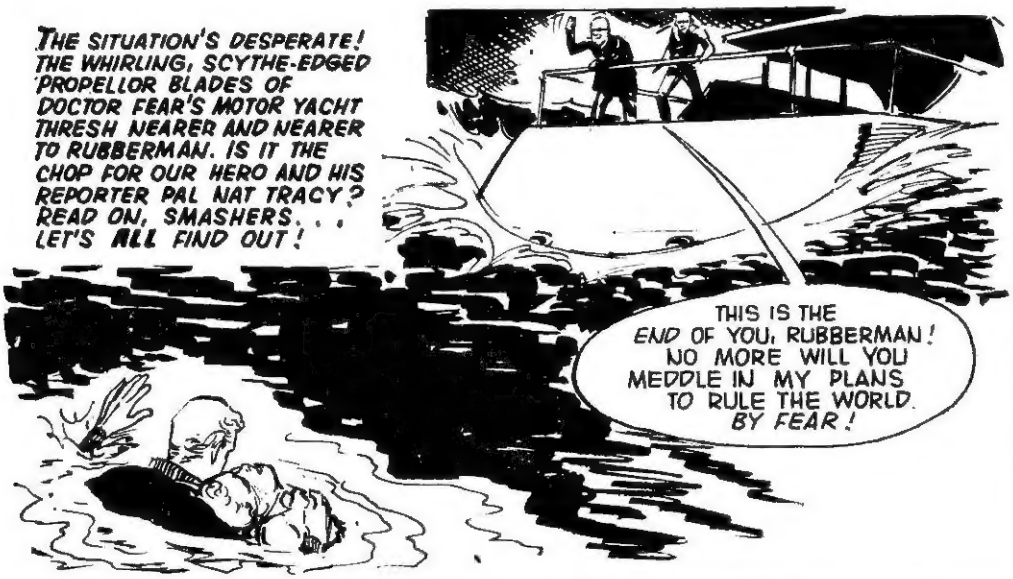

WHOOSH!
DUCK!
TAKE THAT! OO-ER! GOOD JOB THAT BIG DOG CAN'T SEE ME!
BONK!
OUF!

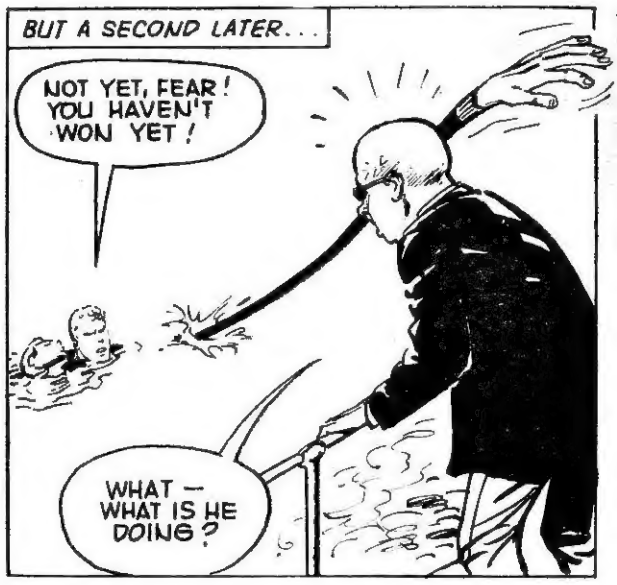
?
GURRR! WHO THREW THAT?
PULL!
HE DID!

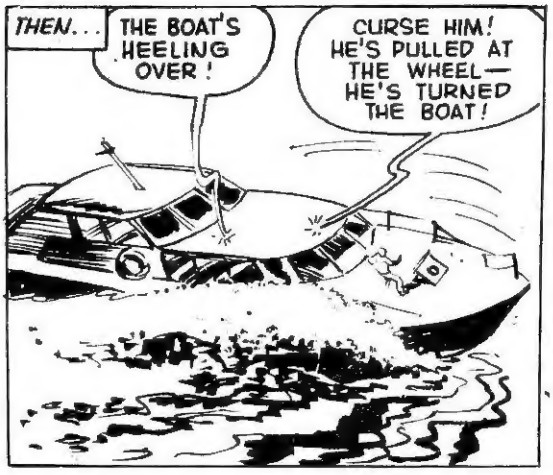
GLUG!
PAINT
SPLASH!

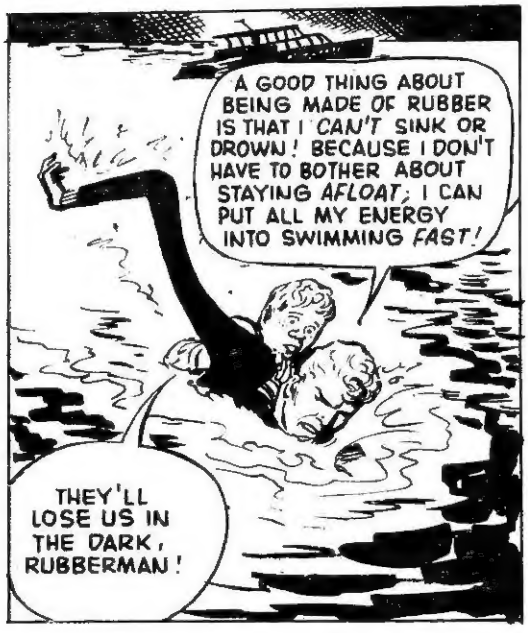

GRRR!
I BET THAT TATTY TOM'S BRUISES WON'T BE INVISIBLE, EITHER!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

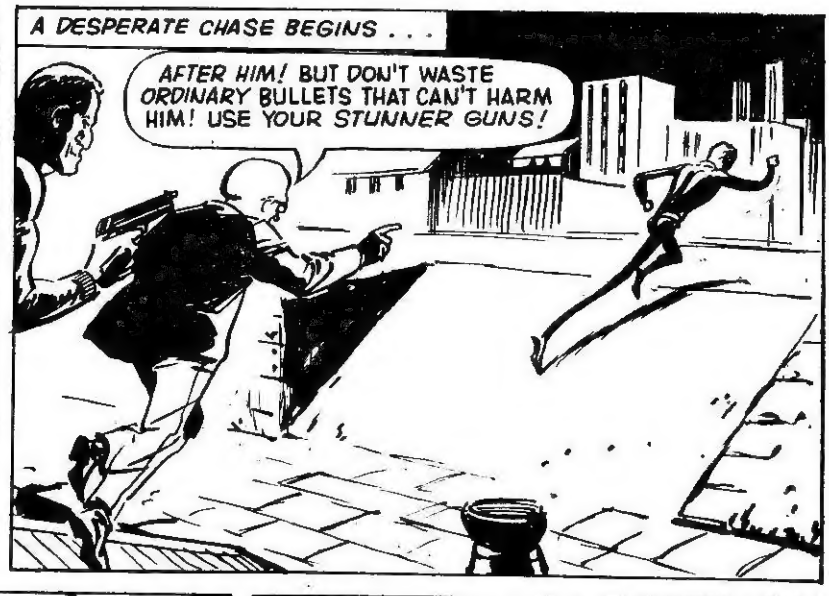








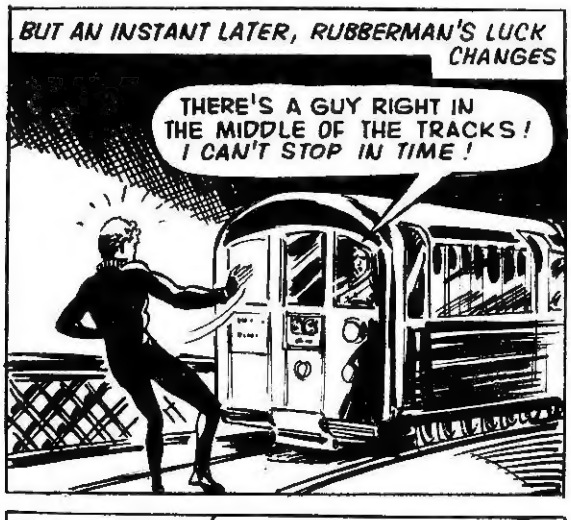
A SEARCHLIGHT STABS THE NIGHT...
THERE HE IS! START SHOOTING!
IT'S ME THEY'RE AFTER, NAT. OUR FISHERMAN FRIEND WILL LOSE HIS BOAT, AND MAYBE HIS LIFE, IF I STAY ABOARD! SO I'M GOING TO JUMP FOR IT!

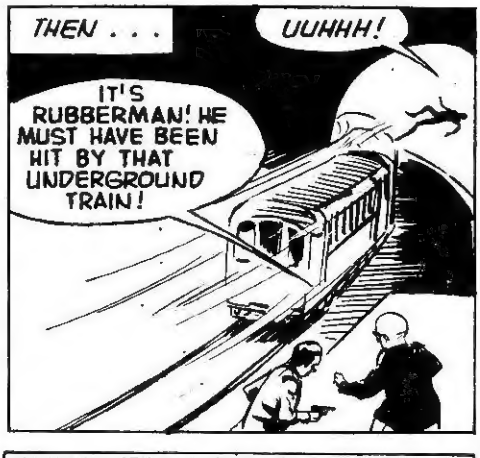

A DESPERATE CHASE BEGINS . . .
AFTER HIM! BUT DON'T WASTE ORDINARY BULLETS THAT CAN'T HARM HIM! USE YOUR STUNNER GUNS!

THERE HE GOES!
KEEP AFTER HIM! IF WE LOSE HIM, THE BOSS WILL PUT US ON HIS EXECUTION LIST!
SUBWAY

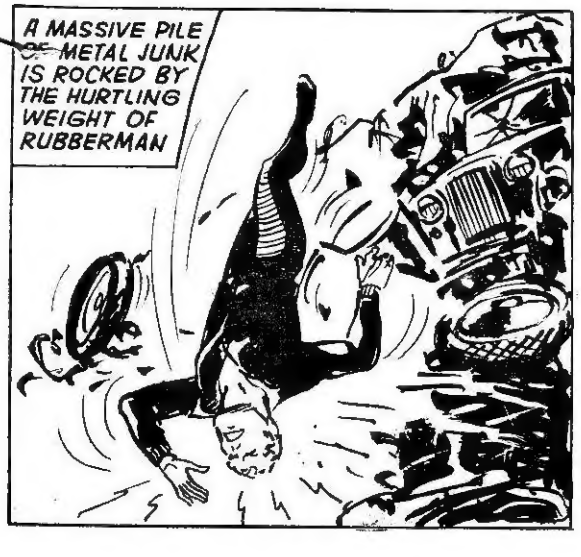
WE'RE GAINING ON HIM!
YEAH! HE MAY BE MADE OF RUBBER—BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE CAN RUN FASTER THAN WE CAN!

BUT AS THE GUNMEN LEAP TO FOLLOW THEIR QUARRY...
THEY FORGOT THAT I AM INSULATED AGAINST THE LIVE-RAIL!
AAAGH!


BUT AN INSTANT LATER, RUBBERMAN'S LUCK CHANGES
THERE'S A GUY RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TRACKS! I CAN'T STOP IN TIME!


THEN . . .
UUHHH!
IT'S RUBBERMAN! HE MUST HAVE BEEN HIT BY THAT UNDERGROUND TRAIN!

HE-HE'S BOUNCED! HE'S BOUNCING RIGHT OVER THAT WALL!
OF COURSE HE BOUNCES, FOOL! HE'S MADE OF RUBBER, ISN'T HE? COME ON!
SLAM!


A MASSIVE PILE OF METAL JUNK IS ROCKED BY THE HURTLING WEIGHT OF RUBBERMAN

DOCTOR FEAR FINDS HIS MOST FEARED ENEMY AT HIS MERCY . . . .
IT'S NO GOOD! THE WEIGHT IS TOO GREAT! I—I CAN'T PULL MYSELF FREE!
NOW, RUBBERMAN, WHAT SHALL YOUR FATE BE? I THINK PERHAPS AN OVERTURNED CAN OF PETROL... A CARELESSLY DISCARDED MATCH... AND PHOOOFFF! YOU WILL BURN LIKE AN OLD TYRE!
CAN RUBBERMAN ESCAPE FROM THE MAD DOCTOR'S VICIOUS VENGEANCE? YOU'VE SEVEN NAIL-BITING DAYS TO WAIT FOR THE ANSWER!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

THERE HE IS, GIRLS!
HE CAN'T ESCAPE US NOW!
HEY! YOU! GET OFFA MY CLOUD!

GET OFFA MY CLOUD!
HEY! WE'VE BEEN DIDDLED! IT'S ONLY A RECORD PLAYER! THE CHEATS!

MEANWHILE...
THAT WAS A GREAT IDEA OF YOURS, CHARLIE! WE'RE SAFE NOW!
SHUCKS! IT WAS NOTHING, MICK! NOTHING AT ALL!

OH, NO! NOT MORE OF THEM!
UGH!
IT'S MICK!
COO! ISN'T HE LOVELY!

QUICK! SHAKE YOUR HIPS, MICK! GIVE 'EM A SHOW!
???????

I CAN'T GET NO SAT-ISFACTION!
HO! HO! LOOK AT THEM! MICK HAS HIPNOTISED THEM! THOSE HIPS OF MICK'S HAVE GOT THEM ALL AGOG! THEY CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE!

HO! HO! WELL DONE, CHARLIE! NOW TO GET BACK TO THAT TELLY! IT'S A LOT SAFER IN THERE!

HELP! IT'S GONE! IT'S BEEN PINCHED!

I'VE GOT IT!
D-D-DAD!!!!

AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING IT BACK UNTIL YOU'VE CLEARED UP THE GARDEN! IT'S BEEN TRODDEN FLAT!
OH, NO!!!

HEE! HEE! THIS IS THE WAY IT SHOULD BE!
BAH! I WISH I'D NEVER COME OUT NOW!
THOSE BLINKING FANS OF YOURS - AND THEIR BIG FEET!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

THE EVIL LOKI HAS PERSUADED THE FOUR AVENGERS THAT THE HULK IS A MENACE TO MANKIND. WHILST THOR HAS GONE IN SEARCH OF LOKI, THE OTHER THREE AVENGERS DRIVE THE HULK INTO A NYLON NET...

CAN THE COMBINED POWER OF HULK & THE AVENGERS DEFEAT THE SINISTER SPELLS OF LOKI, GOD OF EVIL?

LOKI! PREPARE FOR BATTLE!

THE AVENGERS... BAH! I'LL DESTROY YOU ALL!

BUT CAN ANY MERE NYLON NETTING BE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THE RAMPAGING, EXPLODING HUMAN POWERHOUSE WHICH IS THE HULK? WITH A MIGHTY SURGE OF BRUTE FORCE HE HURLS HIMSELF UPWARD, TAKING ALL THE NETTING AND THE ENTIRE TENT WITH HIM!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!!

NEVER HAVE HUMAN EYES BEHELD SUCH AN AWESOME SPECTACLE... NEVER HAS MORTAL MAN WITNESSED SUCH A STUPENDOUS SIGHT!!

SECONDS LATER, HAVING RIPPED OFF THE ENTANGLING FABRICS ON THE SHAGGY PEAKS NEARBY, THE HULK CONTINUES HIS FRENZIED FLIGHT... WITH A LONE PURSUER!

THERE IS NO PLACE ON EARTH WHERE I CANNOT FOLLOW YOU!

SUDDENLY, THE MIGHTY FUGITIVE DROPS TO EARTH, AS HIS GOLDEN PURSUER, UNABLE TO STOP IN TIME, WHIZZES OVER HIM!

THEN, WITH THE SPEED OF A CHARGING DREADNAUGHT, THE HULK LEAPS INTO THE AIR AGAIN, BEHIND THE STARTLED IRON MAN!

IN A TRICE THE HUNTED HAS BECOME THE HUNTER, AS A THUNDEROUS BLOW TO HIS POWER-PACK DAMAGES IRON MAN'S PROPULSION BATTERY!

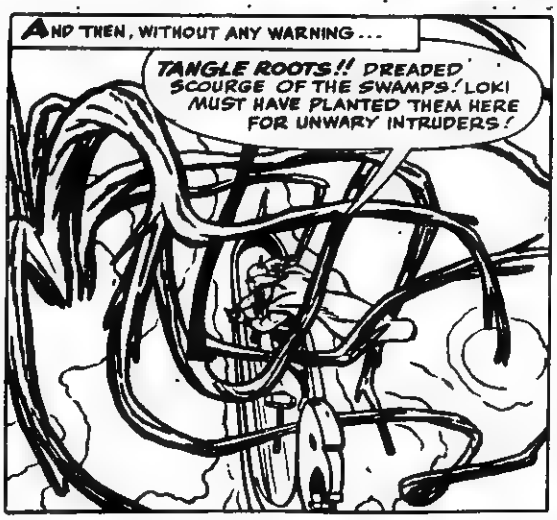
NO ONE CAN STOP THE HULK!

CAN'T GO AFTER HIM TILL I REPAIR MY BATTERY!
HULK... WAIT! I WANT TO HELP YOU! TRUST ME! YOU CAN'T REMAIN A FUGITIVE FOREVER! COME BACK!!
BAH! I DON'T TRUST ANYBODY!

MEANWHILE, WHAT OF THE MIGHTY THOR? AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE GRAND CHAMBER OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT ASGARD...
NOBLE ODIN, LORD OF GODS! GRANT THY SON PERMISSION TO VISIT LOKI ON THE ISLE OF SILENCE, THAT I MAY LEARN IF HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR SOME DEVILTRY ON EARTH!

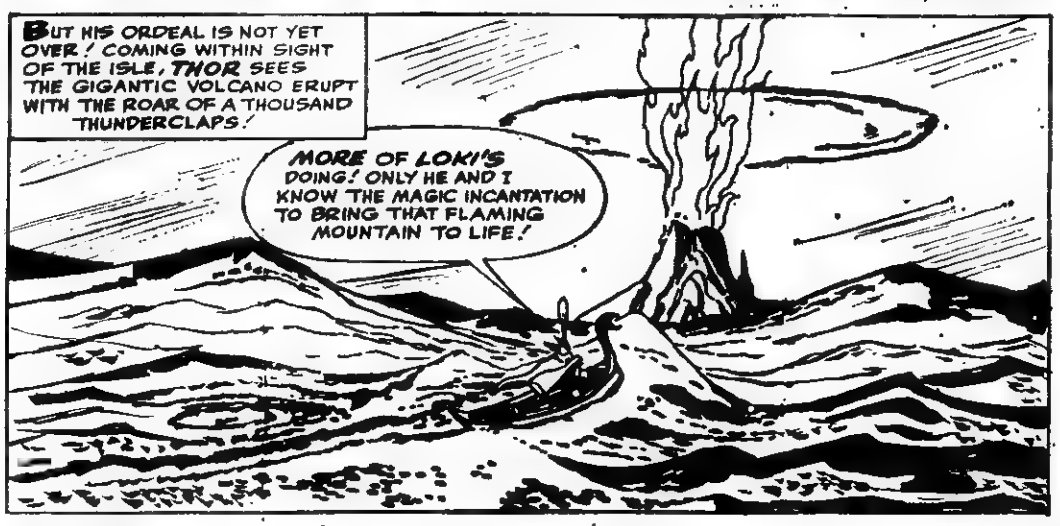
WE GRANT THEE PERMISSION, BELOVED THOR! BUT HARK TO THESE WORDS...
THOUGH YOU BE THE SON OF MY HEART..LOKI TOO IS MY SON! I CANNOT INTERFERE IN WHAT TRANSPIRES BETWEEN YOU!
I UNDERSTAND, FATHER!

AND SO, ALONE IN THE NIGHT, THE MIGHTY THUNDER-GOD SETS OUT ACROSS THE SEA OF MIST... AWARE THAT THE ENEMY HE SEEKS IS ALSO A LEGENDARY GOD...AND THE MOST SINISTER, THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL!
LOKI MUST KNOW I AM COMING! HE MUST HAVE SET MANY TRAPS FOR ME! BUT I DARE NOT TURN BACK ...NO MATTER WHAT THE RISK!


AND THEN, WITHOUT ANY WARNING...
TANGLE ROOTS!! DREADED SCOURGE OF THE SWAMPS! LOKI MUST HAVE PLANTED THEM HERE FOR UNWARY INTRUDERS!

WITHIN SECONDS I'LL BE OVERWHELMED COMPLETELY... HELPLESS...UNLESS...
MY ONLY HOPE IS MY HAMMER! IT MUST NOT FAIL ME NOW!

SWINGING HIS ENCHANTED MALLET FASTER THAN THE MOST POWERFUL EARTH PROPELLER, THOR CUTS HIS WAY LOOSE BEFORE THE TANGLE-ROOTS CAN FINISH THEIR DREAD WORK!
MADE IT! WITH SECONDS TO SPARE!


BUT HIS ORDEAL IS NOT YET OVER! COMING WITHIN SIGHT OF THE ISLE, THOR SEES THE GIGANTIC VOLCANO ERUPT WITH THE ROAR OF A THOUSAND THUNDERCLAPS!
MORE OF LOKI'S DOING! ONLY HE AND I KNOW THE MAGIC INCANTATION TO BRING THAT FLAMING MOUNTAIN TO LIFE!

JUST AS I FEARED!! IT IS SPEWING FORTH VOLCANIC GAS GLOBULES... CAPABLE OF SAPPING THE STRENGTH OF ANY GOD, AND THEN LEAVING HIM WEAK AND HELPLESS WHEN THEY EXPLODE!

I MUST DIVE BELOW, WHILE THERE STILL IS TIME!

THE ISLE IS DIRECTLY AHEAD! LUCKILY MY LUNGS ARE STRONG...IF I CAN JUST HOLD MY BREATH FOR ANOTHER FEW MINUTES!

AND, ON SHORE, A GLOATING FIGURE SURVEYS THE NOW-SILENT SEA...
HIS CRAFT IS EMPTY! HE IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN! HAVE I DEFEATED HIM SO SOON?!

THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO LOKI'S WORDS, A GIGANTIC WATER-SPOUT SHOOTS INTO THE AIR...AND...
NO, EVIL BROTHER! THE BATTLE HAS YET TO BEGIN!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN MY HAMMER IS CAPABLE OF CREATING WATER-SPOUTS, AS WELL AS PUNISHING MY FOES!?

WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, LOKI FREEZES THE MOLECULES IN THE AIR, CREATING AN ICY SHIELD, JUST STRONG ENOUGH TO DEFLECT THOR'S HAMMER!
HAH! I AM TOO FAST FOR YOU!

YOU WERE EXPECTING ME, LOKI! THAT MEANS YOU HAVE COMMITTED SOME FOUL DEED, KNOWING I WOULD COME TO AVENGE IT!

AND AVENGE IT I SHALL!!

NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU FROM ME NOW, PRINCE OF EVIL!
STOP, ACCURSED BROTHER! DO YOU REMEMBER THE NAME OF THIS ISLE...AND THE ONES FOR WHOM IT WAS NAMED?

THE SILENT ONES, WHO LIVE BELOW! THE NATURAL ENEMIES OF THE GODS! ...THE TROLLS!

YOU HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM ASGARD SO LONG THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE FORGOTTEN, THOR.... HERE WE ARE ALL IMMORTALS... ARE ALL SUPER-POWERFUL!
AND NOTHING THAT LIVES, IN ASGARD OR ON EARTH, CAN BREAK THE GRIP OF A TROLL! IT IS FROM THEM THAT THE EARTH LEGEND OF THE "OLD MAN OF THE SEA" WAS BORN!

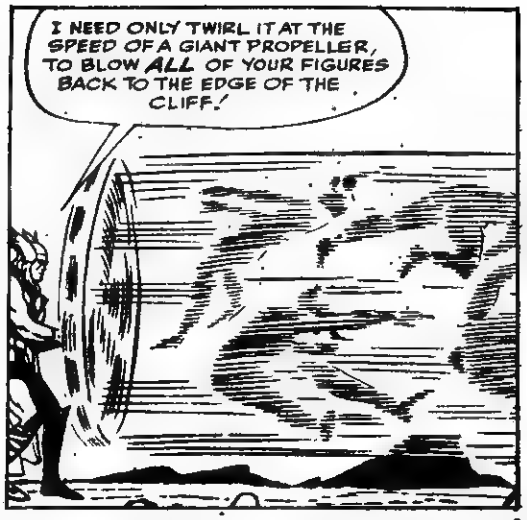
THIS IS THE TRAP I PLANNED FOR YOU, THOR! I PROMISED THE TROLLS THAT, IF THEY OBEYED ME, I WOULD DELIVER THE MIGHTIEST OF THE GODS TO THEM! NOW THEY'LL DRAG YOU BELOW, WHERE YOU SHALL SLAVE IN THEIR MINES FOREVER!

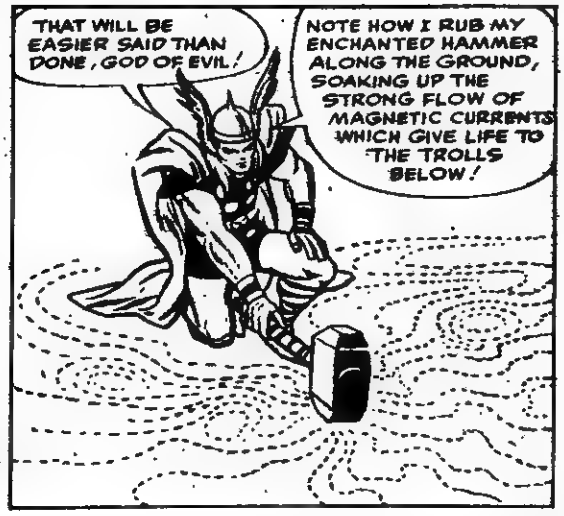
NOT YET, EVIL ONE! NOT WHILE I HAVE ONE HAND FREE AND CAN STILL POUND MY ENCHANTED MALLET ON THE GROUND!

FOR, REMEMBER... I AM STILL GOD OF THE THUNDER, AND THE BLAZING LIGHTNING!

LIGHTNING SO BRIGHT THAT THE SENSITIVE EYES OF A TROLL, USED TO DWELLING IN SEMI-DARKNESS, CANNOT BEAR IT!

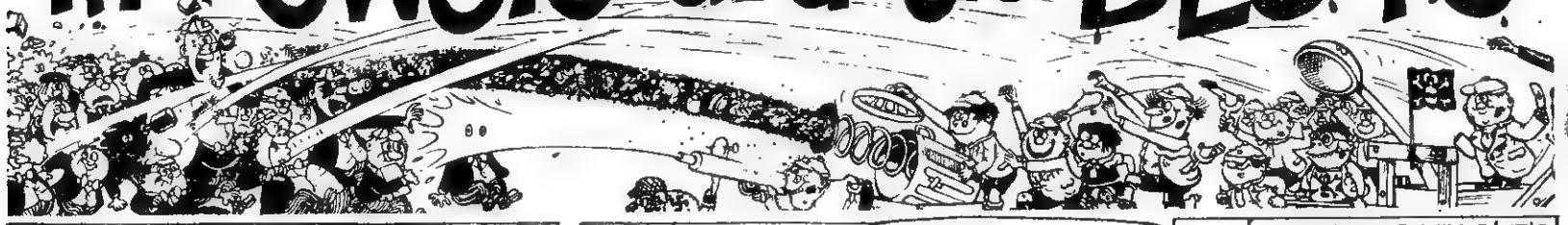
AND NOW THAT HE HAS FLED BACK TO THE STYGIAN DEPTHS FROM WHENCE HE CAME, IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO TASTE THE AWESOME VENGEANCE OF THOR!
STOP, THUNDER GOD! YOU HAVE NOT DEFEATED LOKI YET!

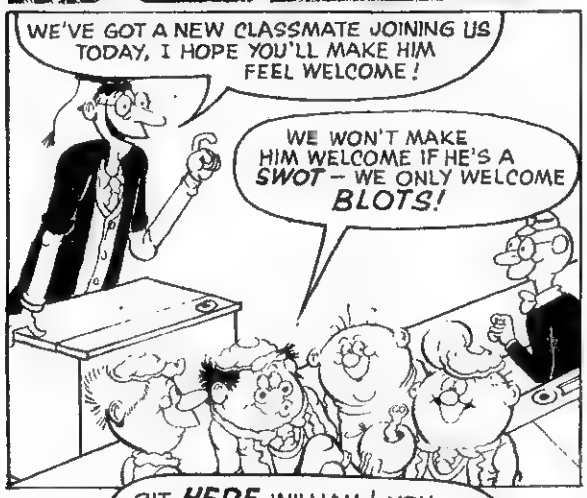


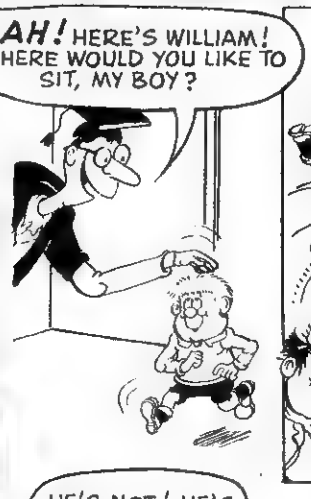


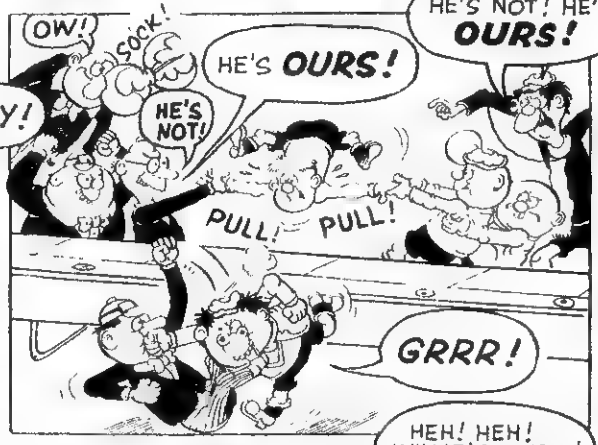
MORE AFTER THE NEXT 8 PAGES!

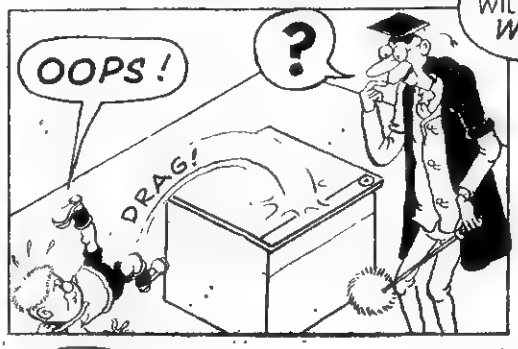
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

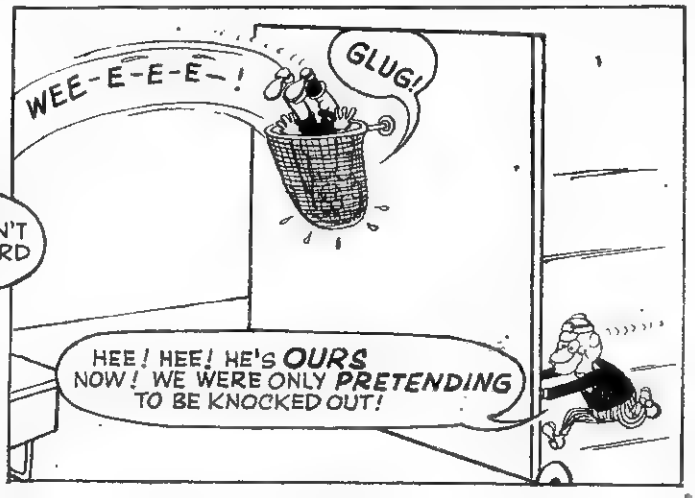


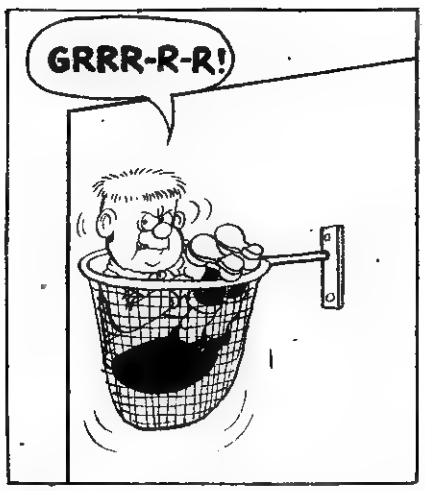




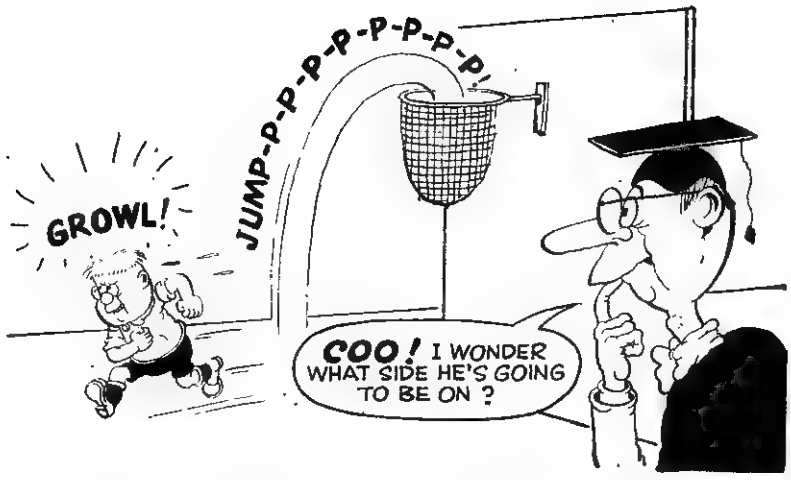


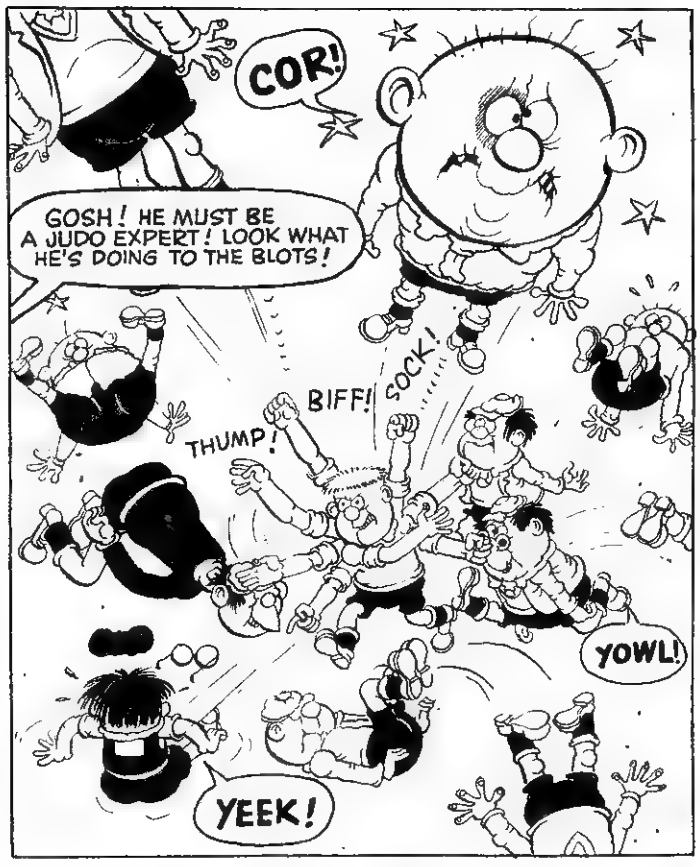




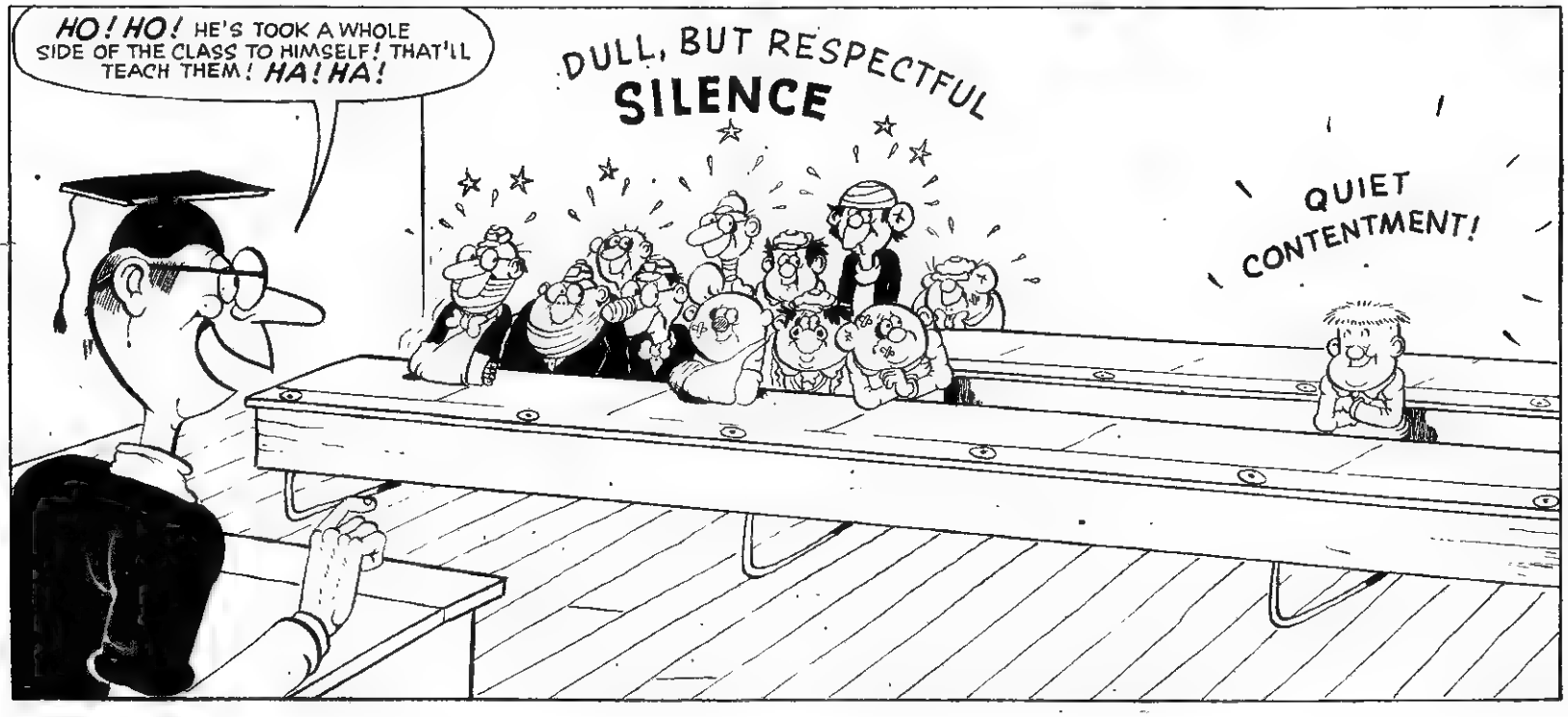

GRRR-R-R!

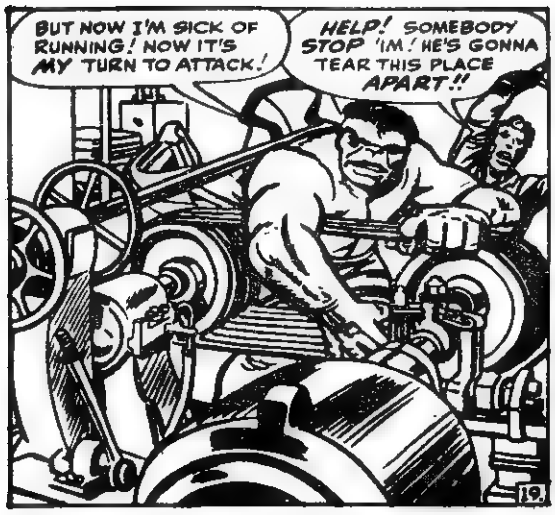
SNARL!


GROWL!
JUMP-P-P-P-P-P-P-P-P!
COO! I WONDER WHAT SIDE HE'S GOING TO BE ON ?

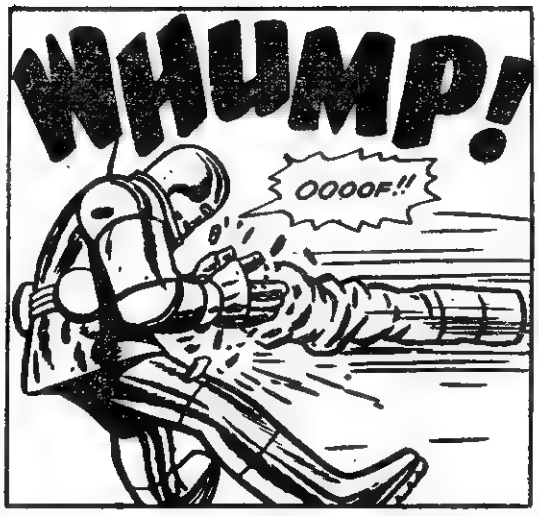

COR!
GOSH! HE MUST BE A JUDO EXPERT! LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING TO THE BLOTS!
THUMP!
BIFF!
SOCK!
YOWL!
YEEK!

HELP!
BIFF!
SOCK!
PROD!
KICK!
AIEE!
GOSH! HE'S THROWING THE SWOTS ABOUT NOW! WHAT'S HIS GAME ?


HO! HO! HE'S TOOK A WHOLE SIDE OF THE CLASS TO HIMSELF! THAT'LL TEACH THEM! HA! HA!
DULL, BUT RESPECTFUL SILENCE
QUIET CONTENTMENT!

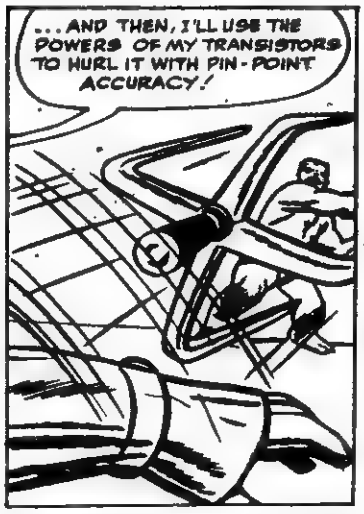

BUT NOW I'M SICK OF RUNNING! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO ATTACK!
HELP! SOMEBODY STOP 'IM! HE'S GONNA TEAR THIS PLACE APART!!
19

COME CLOSER, IRON MAN! CLOSER!! AHHH... NOW!!


WHUMP!
OOOOF!!

STAGGERED BY THE IMPACT WHICH WOULD HAVE STOPPED ANYTHING OF MERE FLESH, IRON MAN SOON REGAINS HIS BALANCE AND THEN...
ALL RIGHT, HULK!
I TRIED TO REASON WITH YOU, BUT NOW...

I'LL PLAY IT YOUR WAY! FIRST, I'LL RESHAPE THIS SHAFT INTO A STEEL GRAPPLE!


...AND THEN, I'LL USE THE POWERS OF MY TRANSISTORS TO HURL IT WITH PIN-POINT ACCURACY!

HAH! BULL'S EYE!!
YOU THINK THIS CAN TRAP ME!?

I NEVER EXPECTED THAT! HE PUSHED HIMSELF BACK, RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!
GOT TO GET OUT! NEED ROOM TO MOVE! ROOM TO FIGHT!

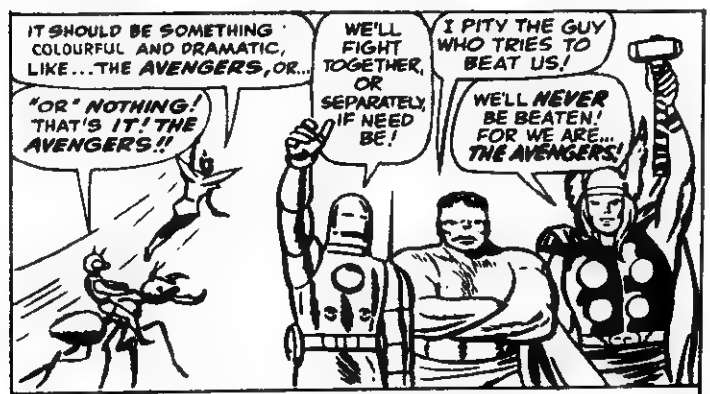
HULK, I WANT TO HELP YOU... BUT MAYBE THE POLICE ARE RIGHT! MAYBE YOU ARE A MENACE! YOU'RE TOO DANGEROUS TO RUN AROUND LOOSE!
THAT'S IT! COME CLOSER... JUST A LITTLE CLOSER! ONCE I GET MY ARMS AROUND YOU, EVEN THAT IRON SUIT WON'T HELP YOU! I'M THROUGH BEIN' HOUNDED!

BUT, SUDDENLY... LIKE A THUNDERBOLT FROM ABOVE...
STOP! YOU TWO HAVE NO REASON TO FIGHT!
IT'S... THOR!!
WHO'S HE HOLDIN' WITH HIS HAMMER?

THIS IS LOKI, MY ARCH-ENEMY! IT WAS HE WHO PLANNED THE TRAIN WRECK! IT WAS HE WHO ARRANGED FOR THE HULK TO BE BLAMED! ...IN ORDER TO MAKE ME APPEAR, SO THAT HE COULD TRAP ME!
IT WOULD SEEM THAT HE TRAPPED HIMSELF!
LOKI, HUH? YOU GOT ME INTO THIS JAM! LET ME HAVE 'IM, THOR!

BACK, BACK, YOU HUMAN DOLT! NO MORTAL MAY LAY A HAND ON LOKI! I HAVE POWERS YOU NEVER DREAMED OF!
HEY! THAT GLOW... WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO HIM?
HE'S MADE HIMSELF RADIOACTIVE!

I'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS TO LEAVE... TAKING IRON MAN WITH YOU! THEN THOR AND I WILL RESUME OUR BATTLE! IF YOU REMAIN, YOU ARE DOOMED!



AND THUS IS BORN ONE OF THE GREATEST SUPER-HERO TEAMS OF ALL TIME! POWERFUL! UNPREDICTABLE! BROUGHT TOGETHER BY A STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE, THE AVENGERS ARE ON THE MARCH. BE WITH THEM WHEN THEY SWING INTO ACTION IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps, also the famous old Queen Victoria Stamp of Great Britain, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals.

Please enclose 4d. postage. Tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gifts and Approvals as advertised to:—

Name .....

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THE BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO., LTD., (Dept. A9), BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE

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Please tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gift and Approvals as advertised to:—

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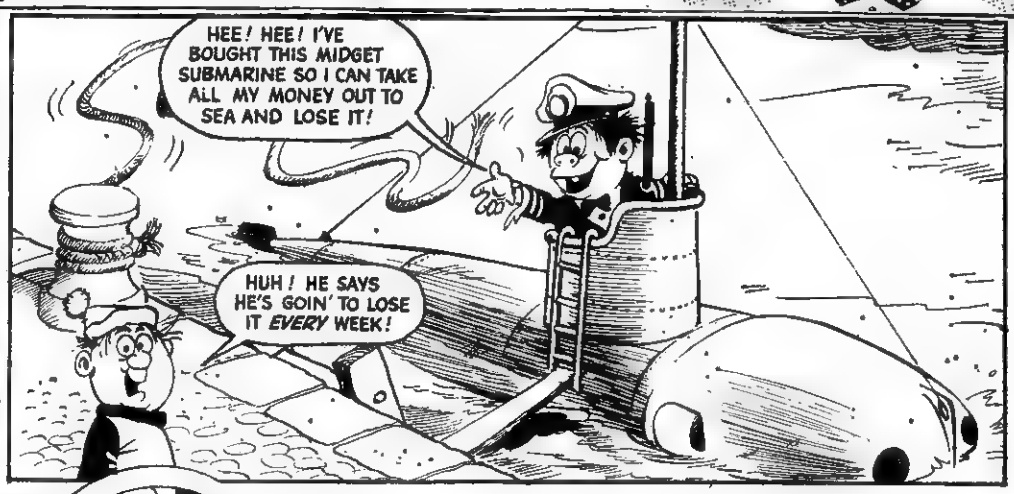
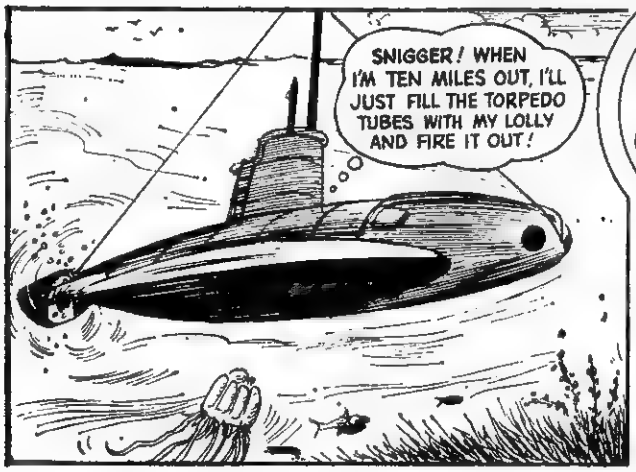
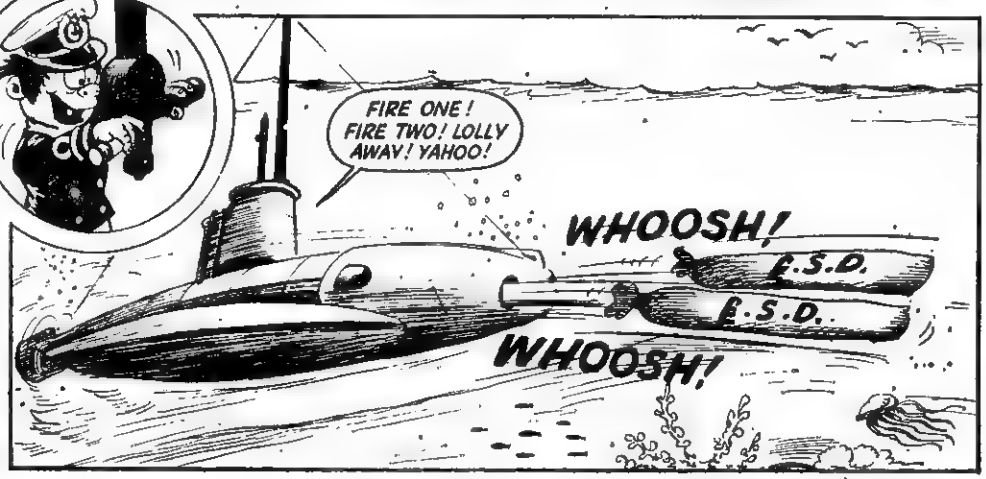
JET STAMPS (Dept. NP), MUCH WENLOCK, SALOP.

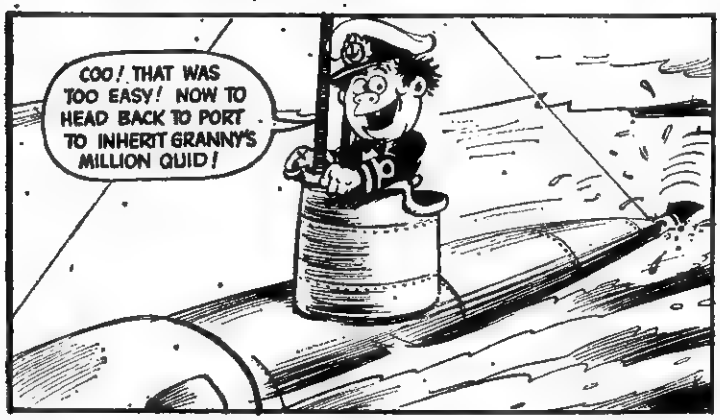
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

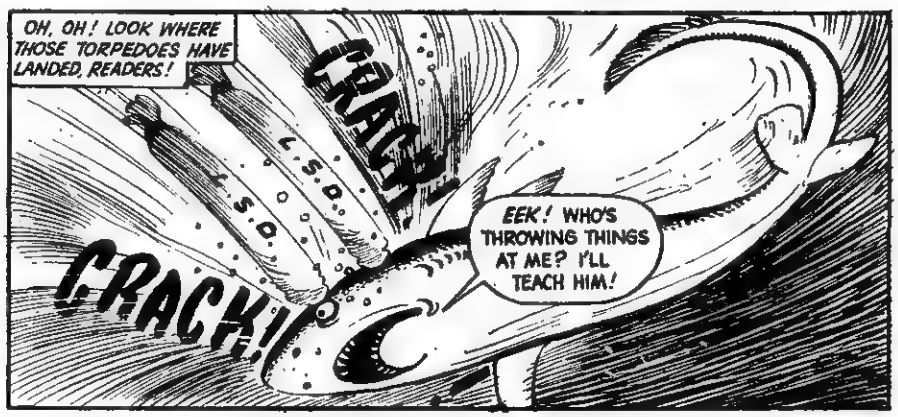
RONNIE RICH

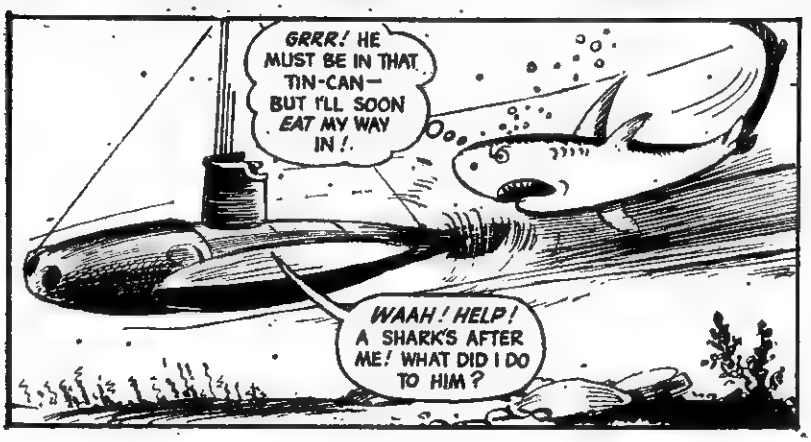


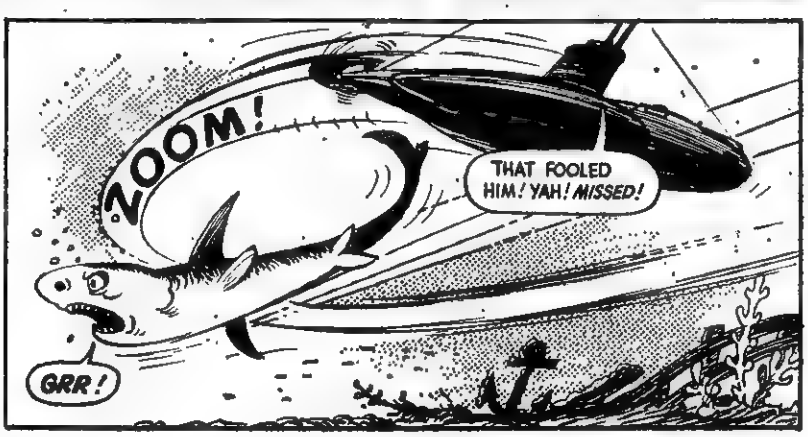


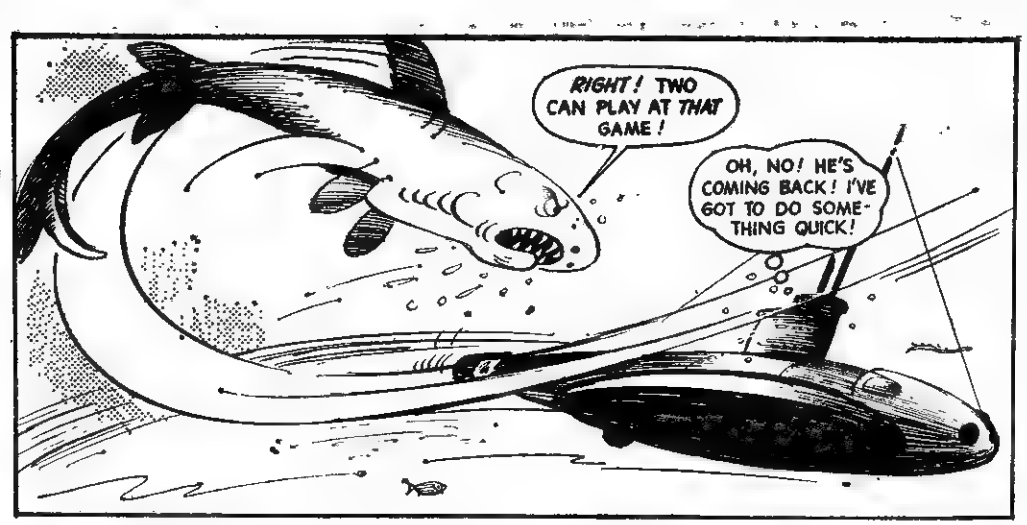




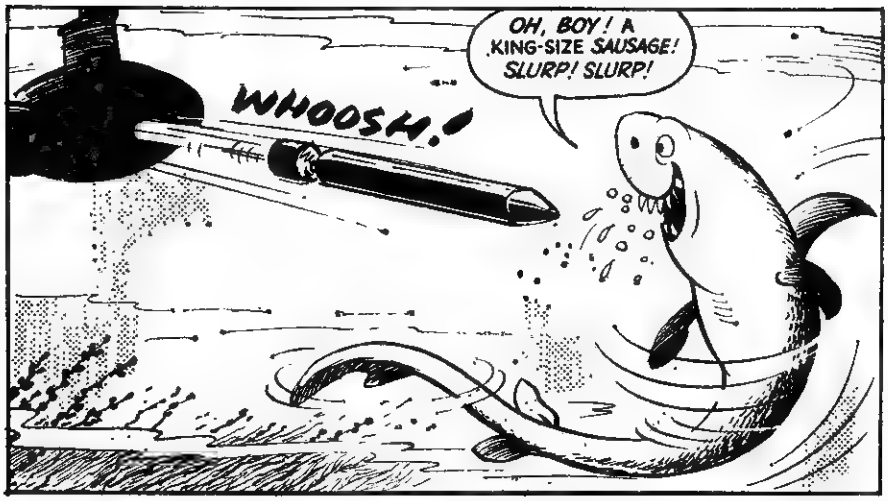


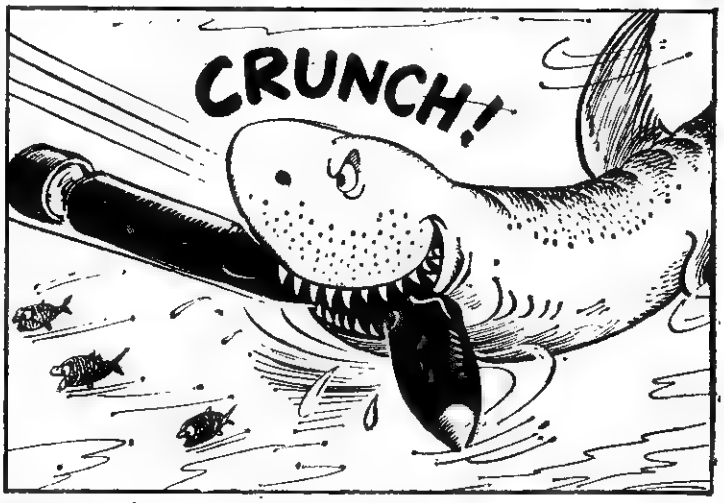




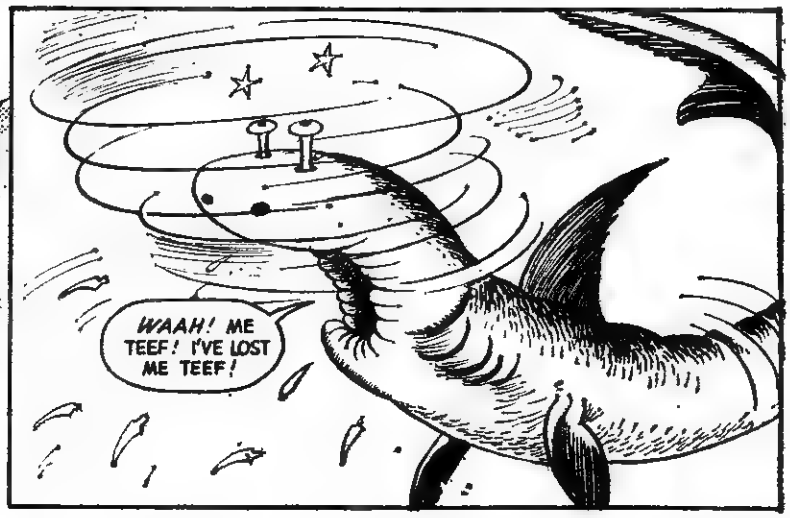

RIGHT! TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME!
OH, NO! HE'S COMING BACK! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING QUICK!

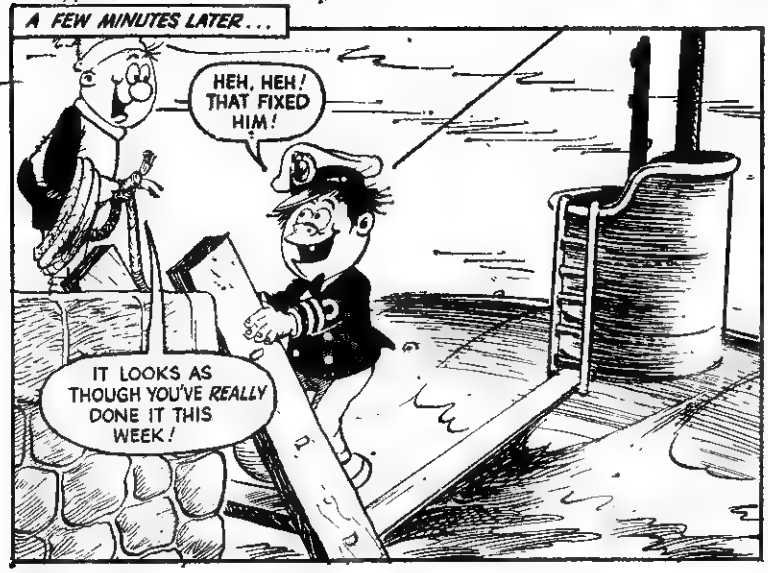
I'D BETTER FIRE A REAL TORPEDO THIS TIME! THAT SHOULD DEAL WITH HIM!
TORPEDO TUBES
1.
2.


WHOOSH!
OH, BOY! A KING-SIZE SAUSAGE! SLURP! SLURP!


CRUNCH!

BANG!

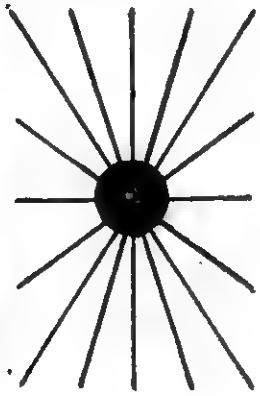

WAAH! ME TEEF! I'VE LOST ME TEEF!


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HEH, HEH! THAT FIXED HIM!
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'VE REALLY DONE IT THIS WEEK!

BUT...
SOB! BOO! HOO!
OH, NO! NOT MORE LOLLY TO GET RID OF! I JUST CAN'T WIN!
LIFE GUARD
£500
WELL DONE, RON! WE HAD TO CLEAR THE BEACH BECAUSE THAT SHARK WAS HERE! BUT HE CAN'T HARM ANYBODY NOW— THANKS TO YOU. THE COUNCIL HAS ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS REWARD!

Write to SMASH— and WIN an incredible HULK sweatshirt!

To: SMASH!,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.



"*We Told You So!*" Pardon us for saying it, but a lot of you are writing to tell us that when you call in at your newsagents for your SMASH! you find that he hasn't got one to sell. Well, we warned you to expect this. You see, to a lot of newsagents a comic is a comic and they won't order any more SMASHES while they've got a counterful of Brand X comics to unload. But although the newsagents aren't wised up to the new facts of life in the laugh and thrill department of their bread and butter, an ever-growing crowd of smarter-than-average comic fans have got the message that SMASH! is the one to buy. So any spare SMASHES are being quickly snapped up—and the only way to be sure of *your* copy each week is to place a regular order for it with your newsagent. So why not do that, huh?—Just to please us. Then we can all sleep at nights!

Dear Smash,
Everybody keeps writing in about making the Hulk and Rubberman stories longer. I know they are good but how about giving smaller articles a chance, too. I object to seeing all the other stories rejected,
Gordon Dunsmuir,
Cathkin,
Lanarkshire, Scotland.

Well said, Gordon. But fear not. The other stories will not be rejected. Most of them will be with us in SMASH! for a long time to come.
Alf and Cos.

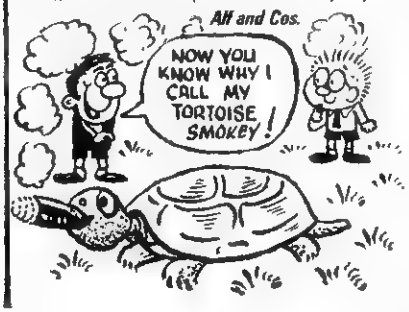
Dear Smash,
Me and my three brothers always fight for Smash because it's a thrilling comic. The two features I like most are the Hulk and Batman.
Michael Turner (9),
Halstead, Essex.
(Height; 4' 8" Chest; 30")

Well, what a coincidence, Michael. Your measurements are the same as the HULK's used to be. The only difference was that he was only two years old at the time!

* * *

Dear Smash,
I like your comic very much indeed. But I like Charlie's Choice best of all. I have no brothers or sisters. But I have got a pet tortoise and a cat called Smokey, he is only a friend, though,
Kevin Browntage (10),
Southsea, Hants.

Give our regards to Smokey and the tortoise, Kevin. And there's a sweatshirt on its way to you.
Alf and Cos.



Dear Alf and Cos,
Of all the *thirteen* comics that my family takes every week I think that Smash is the greatest. You have certainly achieved what I think is the ideal comic. Congratulations,chaps! Keep it up!
Barbara Martin,
Market Weighton, E. Yorks.

Thirteen is an unlucky number, Barbara. You should stick to Smash only.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I get the SMASH! every week and the top of the stars are—1st—Legend Testers, 2nd—Rubberman, 3rd—the INCREDIBLE Hulk, 4th—Charlie's Choice, and 5th—Queen of the Seas. I would not mind the HULK sweatshirt. Lots of love.
Hamish Duthie,
Aberdeen, Scotland.

Well, we're glad to hear that you wouldn't mind a HULK sweatshirt, Hamish, because we don't mind sending you one. Lots of love to you, too.
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
There are six of us in our family including mam and dad, we like Hulk, except mam. She said she wouldn't like to meet him in the dark, but send Ronnie Rich round any day or night.
Steven Hinde,
Lancaster.

The Hulk is really upset to learn that your mam wouldn't like to meet him in the dark. He says, how about if he comes round and calls during the day?
Alf and Cos.

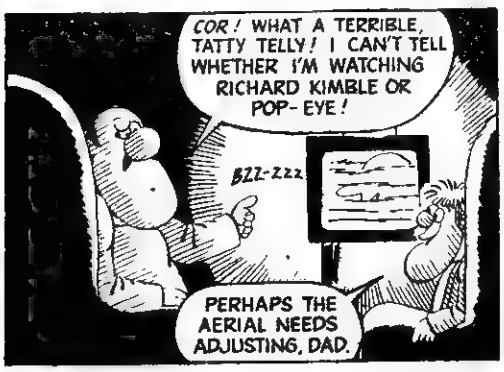
Dear Alf and Cos,
I think I shall go MAD if I don't get a Hulk sweatshirt. I think Smash is marvellous, lovely, fantastic, gorgeous, super and all the other nice things you could say about it. I have Smash every week and would not change it for anything.
Dawn Snowdon,
Hounslow, Middlesex.

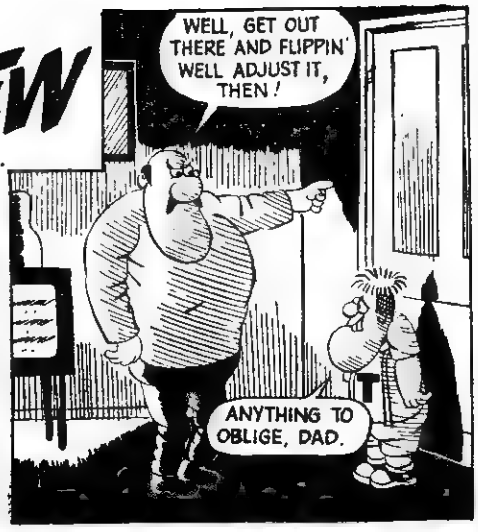
Glad to hear you won't change SMASH! for anything, Dawn. But we hope that won't apply to the HULK sweatshirt we're sending you. Even the HULK changes his shirt occasionally.
Alf and Cos.

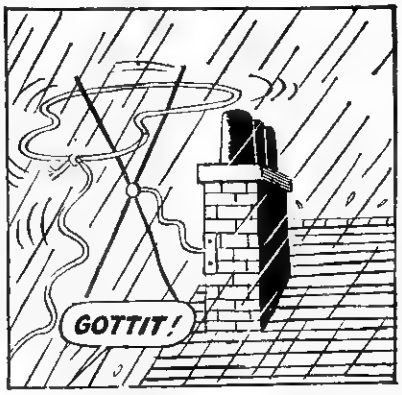
That's all now, except to remind you that in WHAM this week the Fantastic four are facing up to the SKRULLS. What!—You don't know what a Skrull is? You don't know how lucky you are!

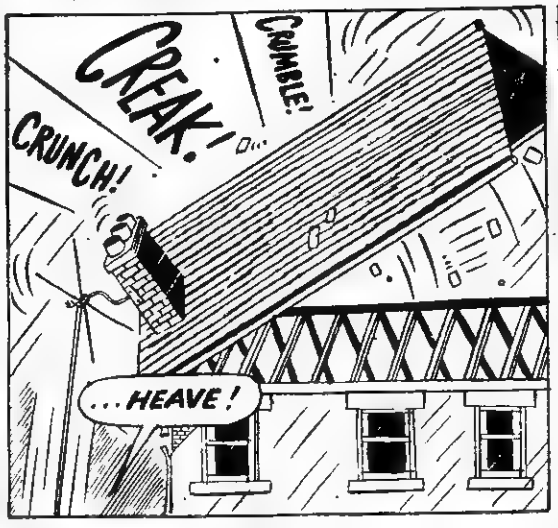
MAKE SURE OF SMASH!
Fill in this coupon and take it to your newsagent.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....
PLEASE *DELIVER/RESERVE ME A COPY OF SMASH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE
Signature of Parent or Guardian .....
***Delete as necessary**

TUFFY McGREW









MEET... Mister Knowall *

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

If you can get an old cotton reel from Mum, an elastic band and a piece of candle, here's how you can make a fascinating toy in less minutes than it takes for me to tell you how. It's a...

COTTON-REEL TANK

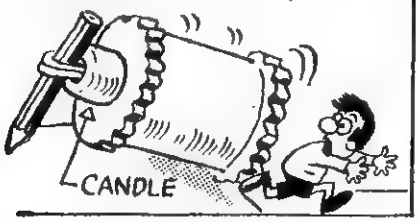
Your tank will trundle along the floor, climbing over obstacles in its path for minutes at a time. Here's how it's done...

first cut notches in both edges of the reel —these are the tracks that will help it to climb.

Now cut the end from a candle and carefully bore a hole down the centre.

Thread an elastic band through the hole in the candle—and through the centre of the cotton reel. Fasten the band in position with a piece of matchstick at the cotton reel end, and a short piece of pencil at the candle end—just as the drawing shows.

Wind up the elastic with the pencil a dozen times—and let her GO!



Hit-Music

You can't afford a guitar? Neither can I So I made myself an instrument of my own on which I can knock out the Top Ten with no trouble.

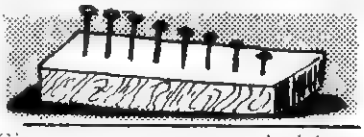
So dig this, Wacks, if you want one, too.

First get a block of wood a couple of inches thick and about a foot long

Next you'll need eight nice, new, shiny 1½" inch nails.

Bang them gently into the wood the same distance apart, tuning them to the scale by tapping them gently on the side with something metal.

You'll easily get the scale—and from then on, it's up to your skill as a musician



Give your mates a matchstick and ask them to balance it on their thumb. Of course, they'll never do it. But you'll do it easily, and here's how.

You make a slight cut in the bottom of the match and put it on your thumb joint—while your thumb is bent. When you straighten out your thumb, the cut will nip the skin, and the match will stand upright.

CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

Frying tonight! That's what our agent will be very shortly. For, trapped on a sill on the top floor of this burning block of flats, B.u.n.g.l.e. just doesn't know where to jump before the flames reach him. Below, firemen stand with a safety net ready for him to jump into —*but he cannot see them* (or they him) for blinding smoke.

You can see the answer below, but B.U.N.G.L.E. can't!

10/- for Knowalls

Perhaps *you* know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr Knowall at the address below. If it's printed you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH! is;

.....

The feature I don't like is;

.....

To: Mr Knowall, SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

* * *

"Can you put a penny on your forehead and make it stay there?" challenges W. Ferguson of Newcastle. I must admit I tried and couldn't. But all you do is to lick the back of your hand and rub it onto your forehead. Hey Presto! The penny stays in place (and it doesn't half feel funny!).

Did you save B.U.N.G.L.E.?

Our agent takes off his shoes and lets them drop. Seeing where they fall, the firemen know where to hold their safety net for B.U.N.G.L.E. to jump into

On land, sea and air!

PALITOY REGD

ACTION man

Send a combined operations force into action!

Action Man sees fighting on all fronts. As Action Soldier, Action Sailor and Action Pilot. Move them into hundreds of combat positions (each Action Man has 20 movable parts). Kit them out with more than 100 items of superbly detailed equipment (everything that the modern soldier, sailor or pilot needs). They're the most realistic model fighting men in the world. Recruit them all! You'll have endless fun. And remember, by collecting the stars from Action Man packs you can get another Action Man for nothing!

Action Man costs 32/6 (Soldier, Sailor, Pilot versions) complete with work suit, cap, boots, identity tag, equipment and training manuals. Equipment sets from 4/11

FREE equipment manual illustrating the entire range of Action Man figures and equipment in full colour. Post this coupon (unsealed envelope 3d stamp) to **Action Man Command, Cascelloid, Coalville, Leicester.**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

COUNTY ..... (BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD

HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!

AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

OH, BOY! OH, BOY! I SEE THE *RAJAH OF NOPUR* IS HERE WITH HIS *JUBE-RUBY!*

CHOMP!

THE RAJAH OF NOPUR

THAT RUBY IS WORTH THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND LOVELY SMACKERS, MY LADS! BE QUIET WHILE I THINK UP A WAY TO GET MY DIRTY HANDS ON IT!

KICK!

H'MMM– HE CALLS THAT BEING QUIET? LISTEN TO THAT BRAIN WORKING!

GRIND

CLANK!

HAR! HAR! I'VE HATCHED A PLOT. COME ON, MY LADS!

CRACK!

England for the 1970 WORLD CUP.

LATER..

HAR! HAR! THESE RAJAHS LIKE BELLY DANCERS – I'LL GO AND ENTERTAIN HIM!

YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT THE BELLY FOR IT, GRIMLY!

POKE!

POLYTHENE BAG

WATCH THIS – NOTE THE CUNNING ARM MOVEMENTS! HAR! HAR! HAR!

WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE!

ROYAL THRONE

THE QUICKNESS OF THE HAND DECEIVES THE EYE!

ALAKA-ZOOM!

AIEEEE – THE JUBE-RUBY – IT'S GONE! THAT FAT DANCER'S PINCHED IT!

THEY'LL NEVER FIND MY SECRET HIDEOUT! THE JUBE-RUBY IS AS GOOD AS MINE!

BUT WHAT'S THIS?

SPIN!

PLASTIC EIFFEL TOWER

FOLLOW, MY FRIENDS – MY MAGIC TURBAN BANDAGE WILL LEAD US TO THE THIEF!

UP WIV

Smash!

HELP! I'VE GOT A BANDAGE – WHERE DID *THAT* COME FROM?

HELP! WE'VE BEEN RUMBLED! IT'S THE RAJAH OF NOPUR AND HIS BODYGUARDS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AT THE DOUBLE!

DOOMSDAY HOUSE OF FEENDISH

BONK!

GRRR! I ALWAYS WONDERED WHY THOSE RAJAH BLOKES WORE TURBANS. IT JUST ISN'T FAIR, LADS! *IT JUST ISN'T FAIR!*

LAUGHING HEAD OFF!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, THE LEGEND TESTERS, ARE SEEKING THE MIGHTY ZEUS IN OLYMPUS, HOME OF THE GREEK GODS. BUT FATE HAS STRANDED THEM UPON AN ISLAND INHABITED BY THE GORGONS. . . CREATURES POSSESSED OF AN ASPECT SO TERRIBLE THAT NO MAN CAN GAZE UPON THEM WITHOUT BEING INSTANTLY TURNED TO STONE!

UNAWARE OF THE DEADLY, DEVASTATING DANGER WHICH THREATENS THEM, ROLLO AND DANNY STIR FROM THE DREAMLESS SLUMBER OF EXHAUSTION.

AH! SOON THEY WILL BE AWAKE AND ALERT — THEN THEY SHALL BEHOLD ME!

ROLLO — WHERE ARE WE? WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS THIS?

I DON'T KNOW. BUT THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE OVER THERE. PERHAPS THEY CAN HELP US.

THEY HASTEN TOWARDS THE GROUP OF FIGURES. FIGURES WHICH SEEM STRANGELY MOTIONLESS.

HEY!

THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THIS. THOSE MEN AREN'T MOVING!

THEY CAN'T MOVE! THEY'RE NOT FLESH AND BLOOD! THEY'RE MADE OF STONE!

STATUES!

NO—NOT STATUES! SEE THE LOOK OF FEAR AND TERROR STAMPED ON EACH ONE OF THEM! THESE ARE MEN! TURNED TO STONE BY SOME UNIMAGINABLE HORROR!

YOU'VE HEARD OF THE THREE GORGONS WHOSE VERY APPEARANCE WAS SUFFICIENT TO TURN MEN TO STONE? I THINK THIS ISLAND IS THEIR ABODE!

ROLLO! I—I CAN HEAR SOMEONE — SOME ***THING*** — APPROACHING FROM BEHIND US!

WITH EACH STEP ROLLO AND DANNY TAKE TOWARDS THE POOL, THE FALSE VOICE OF THE GORGON FOLLOWS THEM.

IT IS THE GORGON, SEEKING HER PREY. BUT WHEN SHE SPEAKS IT IS WITH A VOICE SWEETER THAN HONEY. THE VOICE OF AN ANGEL...

DON'T BE AFRAID! LET ME SEE YOUR FACES. I WANT TO WELCOME YOU!

DON'T LOOK ROUND, DANNY! WHATEVER YOU DO — DON'T LOOK ROUND!

WITH HIS EYES CAREFULLY AVERTED FROM THE CREATURE BEHIND HIM, ROLLO PICKS UP A SWORD NEAR ONE OF THE FIGURES.

OVER TO THAT POOL, DANNY. IF THIS ***IS*** A GORGON WE SHALL SOON KNOW!

I AM YOUR FRIEND. LOOK AT ME AND YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!

ARE YOU SURE SHE'S A GORGON, ROLLO? SHE SOUNDS NICE ENOUGH!

SHE DOES, TOO. MAYBE I'VE MADE A MISTAKE!

THEY REACH THE POOL... AND IN ITS STILL SURFACE THEY SEE REFLECTED A SET OF FEATURES THAT MAKES THEIR BLOOD RUN LIKE ICE IN THEIR VEINS!
A FACE SUCH AS THAT CAN BELONG ONLY TO ONE CREATURE! THE GORGON!

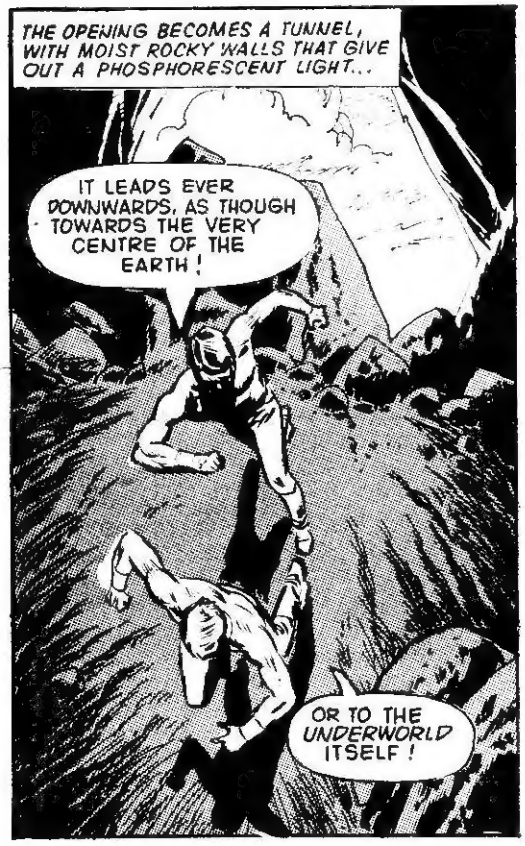
SHIELDING HIS EYES, ROLLO MAKES A SUDDEN SWING WITH HIS SWORD!
AAAAHH!

THE AWFUL CRY DIES AWAY TO SILENCE. BUT STILL ROLLO AND DANNY DO NOT TURN THEIR HEADS.
I THINK YOU PIERCED ITS HEART, ROLLO!
SO ONE OF THE GORGONS WILL TURN NO MORE MEN TO STONE. BUT REMEMBER, ACCORDING TO GREEK LEGENDS, THERE WERE THREE GORGONS. MEDUSA, STHENO AND EURYALE!

LOOK, ROLLO! TWO FIGURES! COMING THIS WAY!

WITH THEIR SNAKE-HAIR WRITHING, THEIR FEARSOME EYES AFLAME, THE REMAINING GORGONS SEEK TO AVENGE THEIR SISTER.

THERE'S AN OPENING HERE IN THE ROCKS. IT MIGHT BE A WAY TO ESCAPE!
WHEREVER WE GO ON THIS ISLAND THEY'LL FOLLOW US. AND SOONER OR LATER WE SHALL HAVE TO MEET THEM FACE TO FACE!

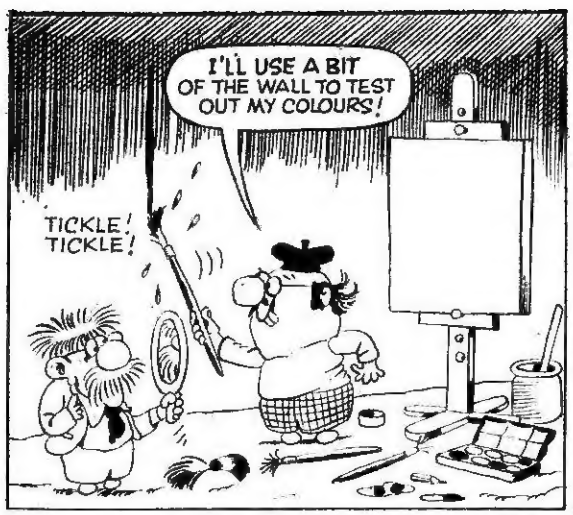

THE OPENING BECOMES A TUNNEL, WITH MOIST ROCKY WALLS THAT GIVE OUT A PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT...
IT LEADS EVER DOWNWARDS, AS THOUGH TOWARDS THE VERY CENTRE OF THE EARTH!
OR TO THE UNDERWORLD ITSELF!

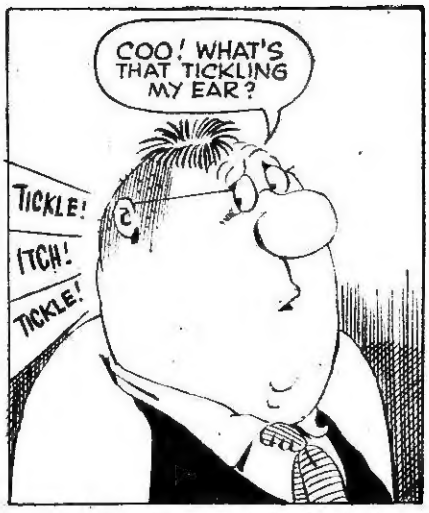
AS DANNY SPEAKS THERE COMES RUMBLING THROUGH THE DISMAL CAVERN. A DEAFENING, AWESOME GROWL!
GURROOH!

THE TERRIBLE GROWL IS FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF HURRYING ANIMAL FEET, GROWING EVER LOUDER AND NEARER...
YOU SPOKE OF THE UNDERWORLD, DANNY. I HAVE THE FEELING THAT THE CREATURE WE HEARD AND ARE NOW ABOUT TO BEHOLD IS NONE OTHER THAN CERBERUS — THE THREE-HEADED DOG THAT GUARDS THE ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERWORLD!
ROLLO IS RIGHT! — IT IS CERBERUS! AND WHAT A CHOICE FOR THE LEGEND TESTERS TO MAKE! THE THREE-HEADED GUARDIAN OF DARKNESS AHEAD OF THEM AND THE GORGON SISTERS BEHIND THEM! NEXT WEEK'S TREMENDOUS ISSUE IS ONE TO BUY AND COLLECT. BUT IF YOU'RE NERVOUS — DON'T GET IT!

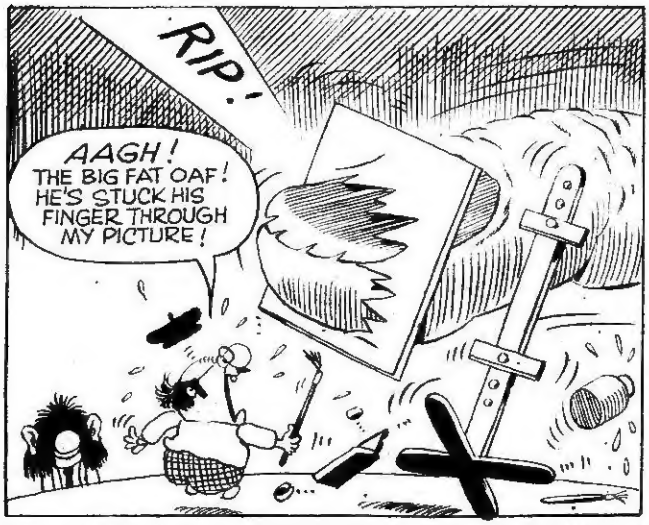
THE NERVS

MEET ARTIE — HE'S THE NERV WHO PAINTS THE ROOF OF FATTY'S MOUTH!
IN THE MOUTH...
CASTOR OILE
TUMBRIDGE WELLS
BLOOD STREAM
WISH HE'D DO HIS PAINTING SOMEWHERE ELSE! HE GETS IN EVERY-BODY'S WAY!
GROOH! I HAD TOO MUCH TO EAT FOR DINNER! I'D BETTER TAKE SOME CASTOR OIL!
CASTOR OIL
CASTOR OIL COMING DOWN!
AAGH! ME PAINTING!
SPLODGE!
HEH! HEH! IT'S AN OIL-PAINTING NOW!
STOMACH DEPARTMENT
HA! HA! HA!
GRRR! FUNNY GUYS! I'LL FIND SOME-WHERE ELSE TO PAINT!
GOOD OLD FATTY- HE GOT RID OF THAT NUISANCE!
CHEST-ER FIELD
MAYBE I'LL GET SOME PEACE IN THE CHEST DEPARTMENT!
GOLLY! MY TUM'S GETTING BIGGER EVERY DAY!
I'LL BREATHE IN A BIT — THAT'LL MAKE ME LOOK A BIT THINNER!
AAGH! ME PICTURE!
AIR TUBE
AIR TUBE
CHEST ER FIELD
FATTY'S TAKING A DEEP BREATH! HELP! HELP!
COO! GALE FORCE NINE!
BOO! HOO! HOO! ME PICTURE IS RUINED!
IT WASN'T MY FAULT, ARTIE, I WAS FRAMED!
GRRR! I'LL TRY THE EAR DEPARTMENT.
EAR DEPT
AAH! NICE AND PEACEFUL IN HERE!
OH, THAT ONE DOESN'T SUIT ME!
EAR-WIGS

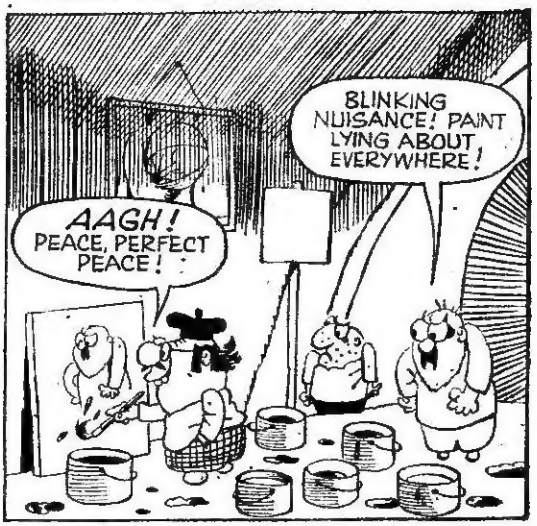

I'LL USE A BIT OF THE WALL TO TEST OUT MY COLOURS!
TICKLE! TICKLE!


COO! WHAT'S THAT TICKLING MY EAR?
TICKLE!
ITCH!
TICKLE!

I'LL GIVE IT A POKE!


RIP!
AAGH! THE BIG FAT OAF! HE'S STUCK HIS FINGER THROUGH MY PICTURE!

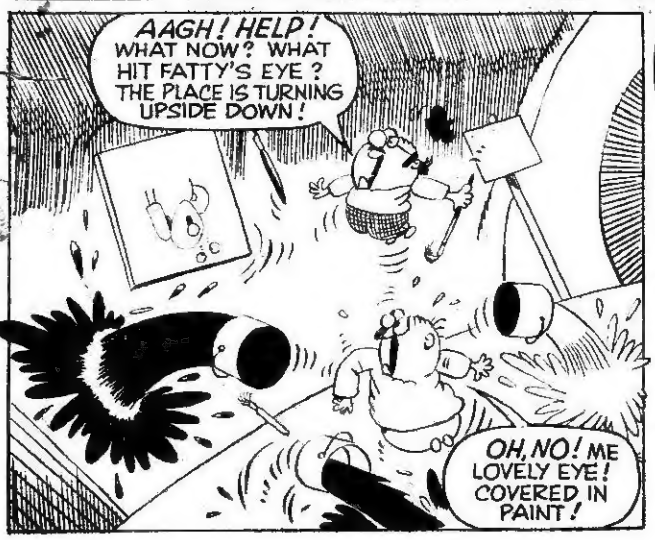
HE WON'T STICK HIS FINGER IN HERE! HE ISN'T THAT STUPID!
EYE DEPT


BLINKING NUISANCE! PAINT LYING ABOUT EVERYWHERE!
AAGH! PEACE, PERFECT PEACE!

I'LL POP OUT FOR A STROLL NOW! MY TUM FEELS MUCH BETTER!

HERE HE COMES NOW! I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON FOR PINCHING MY TOFFEE APPLE YESTERDAY!

BLAT!
REVENGE! REVENGE!
AAGH!


AAGH! HELP! WHAT NOW? WHAT HIT FATTY'S EYE? THE PLACE IS TURNING UPSIDE DOWN!
OH, NO! ME LOVELY EYE! COVERED IN PAINT!

OH, HECK! WHAT A SHINER! ALL PURPLE, GREEN, BLACK AND BLUE! WHAT A BEAUTY! THERE'S EVERY COLOUR OF THE RAINBOW IN IT! I WONDER HOW IT GETS THAT COLOUR?

BAH! IT WAS MY PAINT THAT MADE HIS EYE TURN ALL COLOURS! I GIVE UP!

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC AIRSHIP HAS BEEN DRAGGED BENEATH THE SEA — TOGETHER WITH QUEENIE — BY AN ATOMIC ATTRACTOR MACHINE...!

BUT NOW THE ATTRACTOR HAS BROKEN DOWN, THE AIRSHIP AND QUEENIE ZOOOM TOWARDS THE SURFACE...

"QUEENIE!"

HEY! WE'RE OUT OF THE WATER!

BLOOP!

BUT WE'RE STILL UNDERGROUND!

GUESS WHAT? THE TWO SHIPS ARE SHOOTING UP A VOLCANO!

LOOOK! COMMANDER! ZE SKY — DEAD AHEAD!

AND HOW ARE THE CREWS OF THESE TWO 'SHIPS' ACCEPTING THIS DISASTER?

FIRST — IN THE AIRSHIP...

GENTLEMEN — EACH PICK A CIGAR!

SHAKE

AND THE PERSON WHO PICKS THE SHORTEST ONE REPORTS THIS DISASTER TO THE PRESIDENT — AND GETS SHOT BY THE FIRING SQUAD!

SECOND — IN QUEENIE...

AAGH! LET GO OF THIS GUN! I WANT TO SHOOT MYSELF!

I WON'T LET YOU DO IT...

BOP BOP BASH

VERY LIGHT CUT

...THERE'S ONLY ONE BULLET LEFT AND I WANT TO SHOOT MYSELF!

COME ON! LET'S CELEBRATE! LIGHT UP ZEE CIGARS!

ALL EXCEPT ALPHONSE — HE GOT THE SHORT ONE!

BITTEN OFF SHORT

Dear President, I admit to Being ze stupeed, leetle, blundering neet, and am willing to face ze konsequences of my — P.T.O.

GOOD OLD CAPTAIN — HE'S SAVED THE SHIP!

FOR HE'S ZE JOLLY, GOOD FELLOW, — HE'S ZE JOLLY, GOOD FELLOW, HE'S ZE JOLLY, GOOD — !? ERK! —

PRESIDENT CORTEZ

FAIREE-ANNE

R-R-RIP!

CRUNCH!

AAH! WE'VE CRUNCHED!

A SPLIT-SECOND LATER — IN THE PASSENGER LOUNGE...

MOAN

SAY — PAW! THE CREW HAVE JUST ABANDONED SHIP — I WONDER WHY?

AAGH! FLAP ARMS! EVERYBODY FLAP ARMS!

FLY!

DOH! HOW SHOULD I KNOW, SON? I JUST WISH I WAS ONE OF THEM!

TWIRL!

AND IN QUEENIE — STILL HITCHED UP TO THE AIRSHIP...

SNATCH

LOOK! (UGGLE!) SKY! CLOUDS! WE'VE MADE IT! HERE TAKE THE GUN — I DON'T NEED TO SHOOT MYSELF NOW!

AIPEE!

AWLK!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN — 'AWLK'!

THE AIRSHIP'S CREW — THEY'VE SCARPERED!

THEY'VE GONE — LEAVING US IN CHARGE OF BERSERK AND BENT BLIMP — COMPLETE WITH FULL LOAD OF HYSTERICAL PASSENGERS DEMANDING THEIR MONEY BACK! HAND OVER THAT GUN — I'M GOING TO KILL MYSELF!

ROLL

BRTTT!

FAIREE ANNE

BANG

ERK! THE ROTTER'S TWISTED ME!

HAS BERTIE SHOT HIMSELF AT LAST? SURE LOOKS LIKE IT!

YOU'D BETTER SHOOT INTO YOUR NEWSAGENTS RIGHT AWAY — AND BOOK UP TO SEE NEXT WEEK'S ZOOOMING STORY!